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A Message of Cheer . . .

Not all our trials can repress the immemorial joys of Christmas; rather, in our fortitude, will they bring us new delight.

For we have reason in plenty for thanksgiving. What means a temporary tightening of belts, a touch of what is called 'austerity,' a reshuffling of our duties, when we contemplate the might-have-been!

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Volume CLXXI No. 2238 The SPHERE, London, December 12, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

AN AMAZING PICTURE FROM EGYPT WHICH GOES TO EXPLAIN THE PRESENT PLIGHT OF ROMMEL'S AFRICAN ARMY : A close-up view from the air of the amazing mêlée at Halfaya Pass caused by the bombing of the retreating Axis transport columns

This photograph has just been issued by the Air Ministry : it shows the extraordinary scene presented to Allied airmen when Rommel began his retreat westward from El Alamein after the Eighth Army had broken through the Axis defence line. For miles along the coast road enemy vehicles stretched in an almost unbroken line as they attempted to retreat to avoid their pursuers. But our bombers had been operating to such effect that the most vital portions of the escape road were blocked. This was the scene, as the airmen saw it, on the section of road leading to the Sollum Pass. Vehicles are climbing the famous Halfaya Gorge on their way to the top of the Escarpment : it was their *only* way out to the westward. The whole area is pitted with bomb craters, it will be observed, indicating the weight and intensity of the Allied bombers' persistent attack on the enemy's dispersed transport and armoured vehicles before the full retreat began. Wrecked and abandoned, many of these vehicles in the Pass were passed shortly afterwards by the pursuing Eighth Army

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 171

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

"Remember, Remember."

—Remember November 1942. I doubt if we shall easily forget it, or soon. Even now, some of us remember the "black December" of 1899, and the golden November of 1918. Much is forgotten p.d.q. But sudden transformations of human life from black to gold, from pride to despair, from dull anxiety to certainty and joy, they at least stick in memory. Not a single day in November 1942, between the 3rd and the 30th, was without its first-rank item of news of triumphs in the field, and the most of them the more triumphant for the fact that they were utterly unexpected and beyond our wildest hopes. A starving man, suddenly accorded a feast of Lucullus, must expect some mild indigestion to follow. We must not refuse a dose of the Epsom salts of correction, if Fate holds out the spoon. It can't be all jam henceforth!

Italy Stirring.

—The implications of Mr. Churchill's great speech, and the definite prophecies made next day by Mr. Cordell Hull concerning anti-war, anti-German and anti-Fascist movements in Italy, were soon enough made clearer and more concrete. The Italian Socialist party announced the issue of a manifesto to Italian workmen, calling on them for active opposition to the Fascist dictatorship, to be expressed by a campaign of civil disobedience in many forms, from go-slow to sabotage. It does not call for extreme measures. It may be uncertain whether the hour is struck and the time fully ripe. But it is significant. For not only does it remind historians of an hour which struck in Germany in the autumn of 1918, but it clearly indicates in Italy to-day a not inconsiderable body of opinion among the most clamant, virile and important elements in that country, which prefers defeat in war to slavery to an already dethroned and punctured home tyrant and to the contemptuous domination of a hated and alien and barbarian nation. These are important and significant and hopeful indications, and it is clearly the duty of the Allies, by encouragement and propaganda, to help that movement forward, and to give it voice and impetus. The politics of every country differ from those of its neighbours. In Italy, all the elements and interests openly or secretly opposed to Fascism in its decay, and to the "ideals" of Nazism are not necessarily mutually agreeable, or capable of combination to overthrow Fascism and Nazism. The Throne, the Church, the Army, the Socialists, the workers generally, the North, the South—these elements can hardly be regarded by the most optimistic as readily fusible. All Italian history discourages such a hope. The movement may well peter out, or simmer down, or be stamped back to angry embers again. It can't be put out.

The Duce Hits Back.

—The great Italian revolution, in fact, faded out of the news after one day, and joins a number of other sensations and wishful thoughts strangled at birth. The time, perhaps, is not quite ripe. Instead, the Duce gave the Italian nation his riposte to Churchill. One of the grievous afflictions of war is this wordy battle of personalities waged between the leaders of the contending nations (or most of them). It is difficult to avoid hearing and reading of them, since they *are* the news, or at least "next news matter." They are not edifying. At the best these exchanges are frank and bald propaganda of inducement to give in, to change sides, to revolt against Nazism or Fascism; or propaganda of hate, without which no war, it is said, can be won. Unfortunately, no peace can be won *with* it. That is the chief plank in the platform of the imbecility of war. No one is deceived. Mussolini knows well—he need only ask the protecting Power—that his prisoners are well treated and glad to be in captivity, and the Italians occasionally receive their letters from our prison-camps, giving the same assurance. And—to do the poor, battered, deflated villain Mussolini bare justice—when we smile at his picture of English customs as we "sit round the groaning board of our fourth indigestion in teagowns and dinner-jackets"—it is not impossible that Italians and Germans smile at some of our wordy pictures of Axis customs and character. We have enough experience to know that there is something tragic and sad in a country getting ready to be totally "blitzed," and I myself have never felt that a public glorification of the weight of bombs dropped, or the tale of houses destroyed and poor people rendered homeless, is either edifying or dignified, or, indeed, *any sort of added power* to the inexorable necessity, logic and justice of bomb devastation. In the end, as we all know in our hearts, mercy and forgiveness and dignity have got to return. But this is a very individual and unpopular view of mine. To-day, at least, I could not hope to find a single member of the Bench of Bishops to endorse it in a public speech. It would be as much as his place is worth to do so.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF FIGHTER COMMAND—Air Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory, who succeeds Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, transferred to the Middle East: The new Fighter Command chief has played a leading part in the direction of R.A.F. Fighters since they turned to the offensive in Western Europe. After leaving Cambridge, he served in the last war, becoming Commandant of the School of Army Co-operation in 1927. In 1931 he was appointed Deputy Director of Staff Studies at the Air Ministry. Later he served in Iraq from 1936 to 1937: he then became A.O.C. No. 12 Fighter Group, which played a prominent part in the Battle of Britain

Reconstruction—The Two Nations.

—How far we have moved forward from the dark ages of between-wars social and political life (and in the stress and turmoil of a death struggle, too), we are just beginning to realise. It is, indeed, the first lull in acute anxiety which has come to us, giving a chance for that realisation. It is a cheering discovery. It is specially cheering to realise that a people, its Parliament and its Government, overworked and preoccupied with the struggle to survive, have had time to spare to observe its pre-war failings and to plan for order in its own house, to plan for the future while it sweated to save the foundations from ruin. Some of the advances are due to concessions to the voices of critics of Britain in civilisation, among our Allies and among our own people. Some are direct results of the Atlantic Charter. Some are expressions of a conscience in the people, the Government and Parliament, rendered tardily lively by misfortunes and trials and failures, and by a new brotherhood and fellowship which those trials brought about. The advances all along the line are phenomenal. To-day it is everyone's interest and object and duty to bring it into being without long delay, retaining from the past those traditions and institutions only whose worth has stood the strain of two world wars and do not conflict with the essence of Christian Socialism or ethics. Of all our revolutions, this is surely the swiftest, the most drastic and the most hopeful. The transformation scene embraces trunks and leaves, things of first importance and things by comparison trivial. A full catalogue would be difficult to compile. It would embrace the whole conception of Imperial responsibility and relations; the whole conception of the duty of a civilised Government to its people, the rights of citizenship, the duties and responsibilities of citizens; the citizen's right to security from want, from unemployment, in sickness and in old age. His responsibility to his neighbour and to his national heritage of beauty. A Government's responsibility to neighbour Governments, a nation's to neighbour nations. It embraces a Magna Charta for agriculture, for rural communities, for natural beauties in the countryside. The Atlantic Charter, the Beveridge Report, the promised Ministry for Town and Country Planning, these are but a few heralds and a varied choice among cross-sections of evidence of this astonishing national revolution.

Our Docility.

—It is wonderful what toleration, patience and discipline come on the wings of good news to a nation at war. Almost, the phenomenon contradicts the theory that Britain is at her best in the hour of trial and danger, and at her worst in the hour of "security" and success. (But not quite; not wholly; indeed, it is non-proven or at least *sub judice*.) If the old dark world of two months ago were restored to us, or had never been removed by the miracles of November, in what mood should we face to-day the succession of concealments from the public, for military and political reasons of security, of the truth about a number of matters of vital concern to us? We should be growling and snarling (instead of showing quite commendable patience) over the fog of mystery and the silence which invests the history of the chaining of prisoners, of the position of Darlan, perhaps of recent Government changes. One could extend the list of the black-out without difficulty. Some of these matters are now to be revealed, or partially explained to Parliament in Secret Session. Two months ago, in acknowledging this concession, we should certainly have remembered, and proclaimed, how necessary it is under such restrictions to have a House of Commons possessed of some claim to represent present-day public opinion, to be composed of men chosen by the deliberate and up-to-date opinion of the constituencies. But the miracle of November has given us a new restraint, a new discipline, even a new faith in leadership. For the moment we say: "Mr. Churchill knows best. What the Premier tells us in his good time is 'all we need to know.'" A mood of docility which (since it is the direct result of an orgy of good news) may, I hope, long continue.

No More Titles.

—An American newspaper has decided henceforth to dispense with titles when it refers to Britons who possess such handles (in their own country). Titles are tricky things, and British titles unusually intricate even for British understanding. Our own newspapers often mishandle them. We are quite used to the description of a knight's lady as "Lady John Smith," and more than acclimatised to a description of an earl's daughter as "Lady Jones." Courtesy titles offer constant snags, and the fact that "Lady X" may be, familiarly, anything from a marchioness to a knight's widow is a perpetual source of mystery at home and abroad. So, with a healthy burst of democratic fervour, and without any real risk of confusion, in one American journal at least Lord Halifax, Sir Stafford Cripps, and so on, will henceforth figure as plain Mr. Halifax and plain Mr. Cripps. I find no fault in it, unless on a point of logic. Why "plain Mister"? Why Mister at all? Why not Halifax and Cripps or Edward Halifax and Stafford Cripps (or, in the first case, to carry the thing to its logical conclusion, Edward Wood)? Aye, there's the rub. Mister (like Lord or Sir) is a title, a handle, a meaningless gewgaw, even in America. And, logically speaking, while the British Constitution survives and continues, Lord Halifax should not be *Mister* Wood and cannot be *Mister* Halifax in England or America. If logic is carried to the limit, he can only be Edward Wood in America. But logic, carried to the limit, carries confusion.

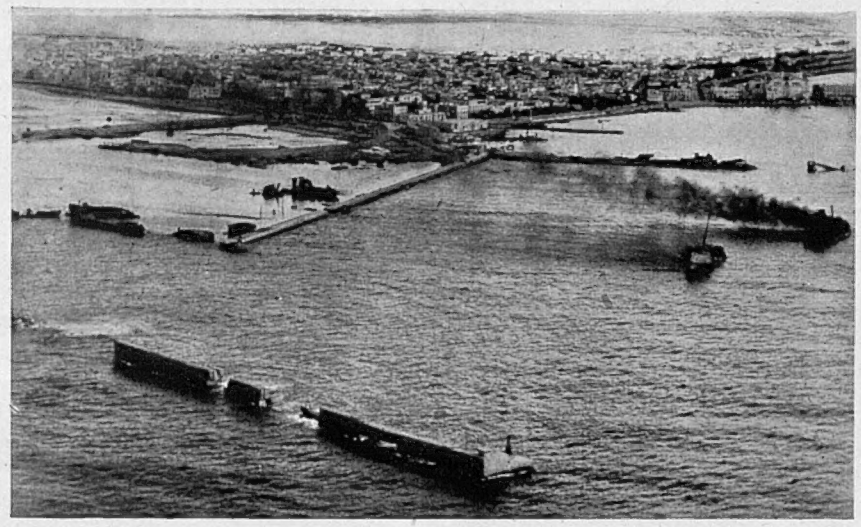
THE OLD STAGER

THE SHATTERED WATERFRONT AT BENGHAZI AFTER ITS MANY MONTHS OF BOMBING BY THE R.A.F. Store buildings all along the quayside are wrecked. Burned-out vessels lie in the water in the foreground, with an Italian aircraft whose back was broken by blast from Allied bombs

BENGHAZI AFTER ITS CAPTURE

—A series of Official Air Ministry pictures

The views reproduced here are amongst the best yet received from Egypt of the once-great supply port in Cyrenaica. They show how the Allies found Benghazi and its harbour when they entered what had once been the main port for the enemy's desert forces. Everywhere there was evidence of the effectiveness of the Allies' sustained air bombardment. In the harbour itself were sunken ships and others still burning. The seascape included the half-submerged wreck of an Italian aircraft. Yet such was the rapid and efficient work of reconstruction units that the first British ships have long since been unloading their cargoes in the harbour

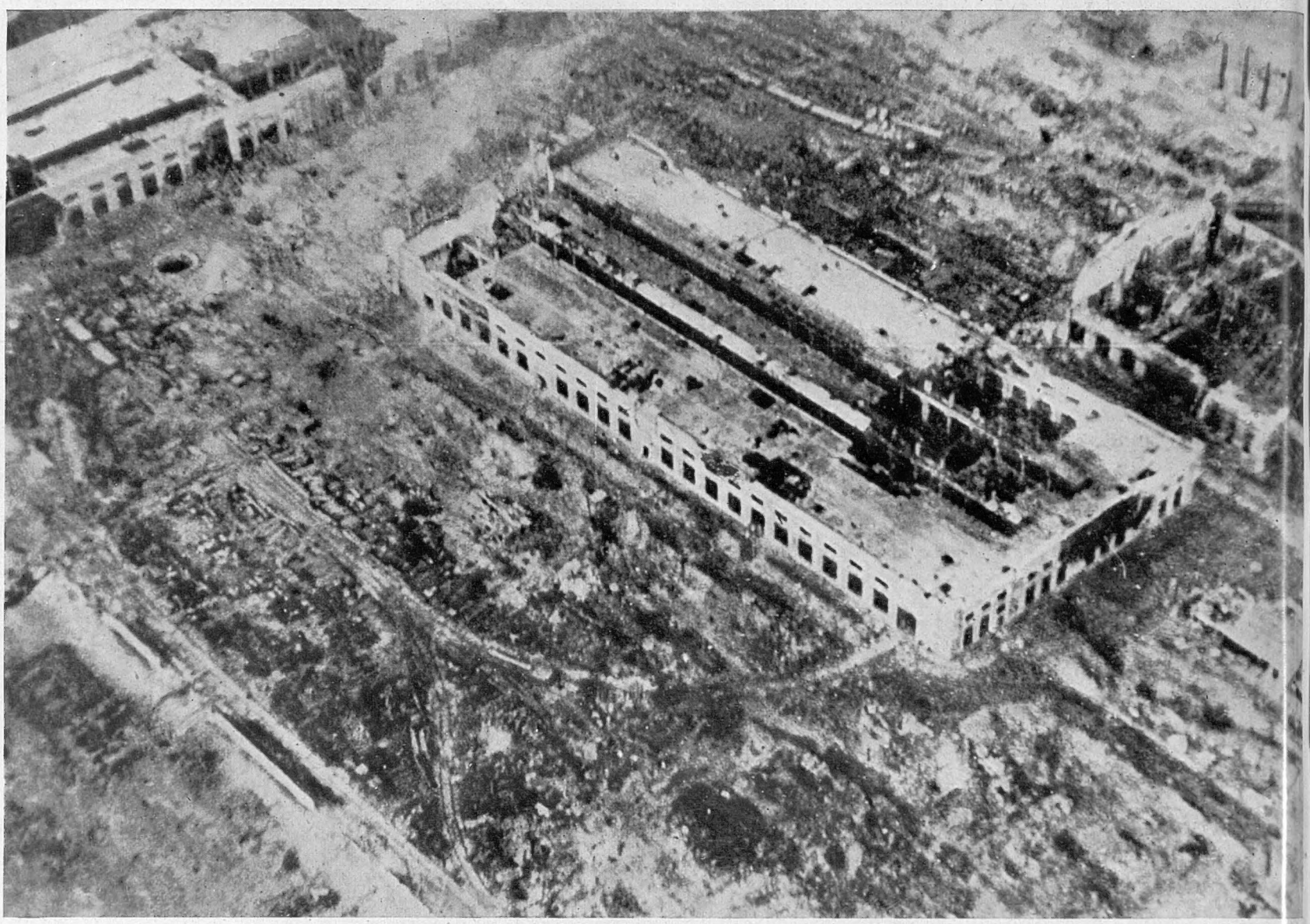


TWO VESSELS ON FIRE IN BENGHAZI HARBOUR. In the foreground the sea washes through gaps in the mole: to the left are the derelict hulks of supply vessels sunk in the fierce onslaughts of Allied bombers

SMOKE FROM A BURNING VESSEL DRIFTING OVER THE BOMB-WRECKED QUAYS. In the foreground are shattered store buildings in which Axis army supplies were destroyed

SMOKE DRIFTS ACROSS THE CAPTURED TOWN. In this view is the Cathedral, which is still undamaged in spite of the fact that all round it are wrecked buildings and damaged quays—a testimony to the accuracy of Allied bombers during their many attacks on this important supply base of Rommel's Afrika Korps

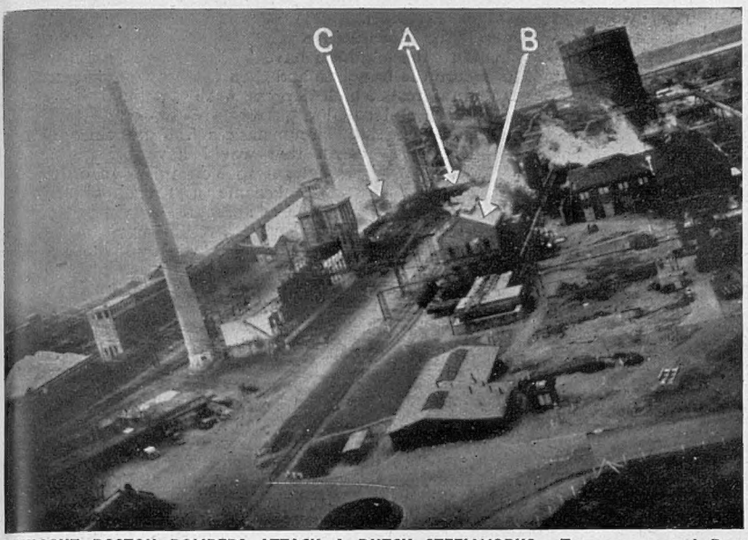
ASPECTS OF THE WAR from Different Angles and from Different Battle Areas

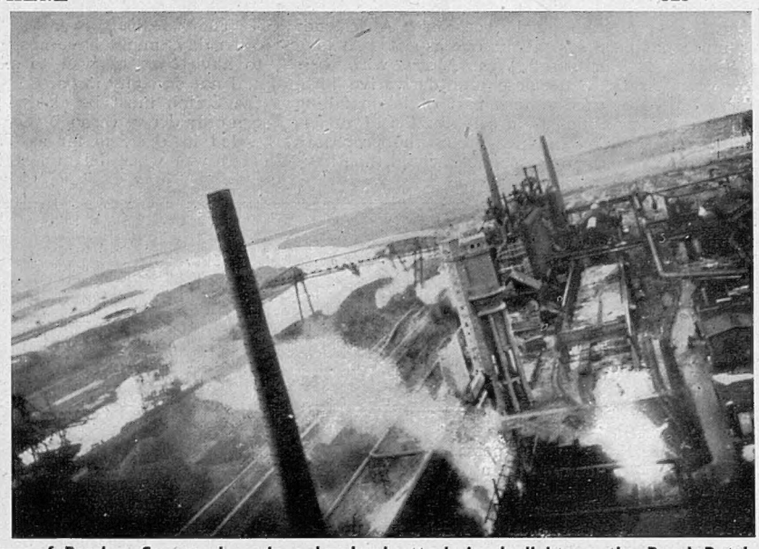


THE TIDE OF WAR RECEDES FROM STALINGRAD, LEAVING WHOLE SECTIONS OF THE CITY IN A STATE OF COMPLETE RUIN. The heroic Red Army have beaten the enemy back along whole sectors of the Stalingrad front; and those Germans who now remain within the city itself are trapped in the "sack," the neck of which is being drawn tighter by the Russians. But the city itself is in ruins: the new aerial view given here is typical of the ruin and devastation. The large building was obviously a factory: now it and its surroundings over a considerable area have been blasted almost out of all recognition

TWO AIRMEN WHO SAW THE START OF THE EIGHTH ARMY'S OFFENSIVE FROM BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES: These two men were members of a Wellington crew who were walking back across the desert from El Adem, where their aircraft had been forced down. They walked for over three weeks, dodging the enemy and relying on the radiators of abandoned vehicles for water. Just after dark on October 23 they saw the intense barrage put up by the Eighth Army before their advance. They knew then that the battle had begun. Making their way south to skirt the battle area, they crossed into the Allied lines, where they were picked up and returned by stages to their squadron. This is how they arrived back: the petrol tin, and the German, Italian and British bottles round their necks all contain their precious water supply

THE DESERT RAILWAY INTO LIBYA REBUILT IN RECORD TIME—The sidings at "Simla," cleared and repaired, and now again in full use: During the lull before the Eighth Army's great offensive, the railway running from Mersah Matruh to a point a few miles from Tobruk had been used in a limited way by the enemy. Heavy damage had been caused by Allied bombing attacks: at one point an enemy ammunition-train was hit and the wreckage of train and track scattered widespread over the desert. The work of reconstruction to enable supplies for the advancing Eighth Army to be brought from Egypt was carried out in record time by engineers, railway-construction units, Indians and South African coloured troops. In addition to the actual repair work, every inch of the track had to be probed for hidden mines and booby traps





DAYLIGHT BOSTON BOMBERS ATTACK A DUTCH STEELWORKS : Two unescorted Bostons of Bomber Command made a low-level attack in daylight on the Royal Dutch Blast Furnace and Steelworks at Velsen, near Ijmuiden, on November 27. The picture on the left (taken from one of the aircraft) shows : A—smoke from a bomb-burst near the coke-oven plant ; B—bomb (or bombs) bursting among tanks of the benzol by-product plant ; C—probable burst near a support of the transporter crane serving the Foundry Basin. The crane, enveloped in smoke in the left-hand picture, is seen more clearly in that on the right.

SAPPERS IN NORTHERN IRELAND BUILD A NEW ROAD IN EIGHT DAYS

Royal Engineers in Northern Ireland have just completed a new road within the short space of eight days. In view of the need for petrol economy, no mechanical aid was used. All units were called in to help—cooks, drivers, batmen, etc.—and the entire job was done with pick and shovel. Many kinds of soil were encountered, varying from black peat to heavy boulders. Eight thousand tons of soil and rock were shifted, and it was computed that each man dealt with over two tons per shift. The road is about 1,000 yards long and 12 ft. wide. To complete it, officers, non-commissioned officers and men worked together in what is believed to be a unique training exercise

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD AFTER COMPLETION

AN ATLANTIC CONVOY NEARS A BRITISH PORT : Coming from America, this group of vessels was photographed from a Flying Fortress of Coastal Command as it escorted the ships on the last stage of their journey. It will be observed that all the merchantmen are turning simultaneously to port, altering course in this fashion to throw off any lurking U-boats. Upon the success of the convoy system in this war has depended the reinforcement and revictualling of this island : and in the task of guarding the convoys aircraft of Coastal Command and the smaller escort vessels of the Navy have played a large and wonderful part

ISLAM in the UNITED NATIONS' ORBIT

The Vast Muslim Communities of Africa and the Middle East which are now Shut Off from the Nazi Influence

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN the general excitement over North Africa, not much has been said about one aspect. As long as Vichy held North and West Africa, with their 30,000,000 Arabs, Senegalese and derivative kith, danger lurked of this western part of Islam falling to the Nazi New Order by a combination of undermining and trickery, rounded off at the propitious moment by open seizure. Goebbels could then have poured out Muslim propaganda from holy places like Fez and Kairouan, aimed at sapping the Allied—in fact, the British—position wherever this fused with Islam, as in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Arabia and on the Persian Gulf, to Dr. Jinnah's enormous Muslim League in India. And, as Muslims like a conqueror, such propaganda might have gone far.

At this writing—necessary remark!—the Nazis are in possession of territory inhabited by not much more than 1,000,000 Muslims—those of the Tripoli and Tunisian coastal areas, and a small Balkan residue—out of a world total of well over 250,000,000. The other would-be Defender of Islam having slipped up long ago, Hitler treads his penultimate steps in that sand immemorially linked with the religion of the Prophet. Soon the last of the European Axis will have been banished from the realms of Islam, and for that, at least, those lands may thank the United Nations. They will have been saved from what Islam, whether orthodox or "democratised," holds in detestation: overlordship based on racial superiority.

"Islam," once wrote Cairo's *Al Mesri* at a critical moment, "is one of the religions that consider the universe to be a country open to all human beings. It embraces whites, blacks, yellows and browns. It establishes equality between the peoples when these meet on an identical footing at Mecca to pray round the Kasbah, without distinction of rich or poor. Nazism, on the contrary, rests on racial superiority."

Hitler's racial policy would have been translated into a fierce and driving cruelty in the case of Muslims, whether African "semi-apes" or Arabic "submen," to use the German expressions. The Nazis intended to squeeze the Muslim lands to the limit in order to sustain their New Order Europe; and if a Graziani could do what he did in Cyrenaica—seal up wells, and let scores of thousands die dreadful deaths by thirst, and drop from aircraft on their native villages the trussed bodies of chieftains—what would not a Hitler have ordained in process of extracting the last ounce from semi-apes and sub-men? Smooth words in plenty there would have been at first, but woe indeed unto the followers of Allah—submissive, servile creed in totalitarian eyes—once the Tiger and Jackal Defenders of Islam got under way!

To-day, all chance is past of anything like that happening. The only Muslims not yet secure from the Axis are the millions who became involved by the Japanese conquests, the tiny Balkan scattering and those last Berbers of Western Tripolitania and northwards.

The world of Islam involved with the Allies thus extends from China to Senegal, and it may be referred to as falling in four principal divisions: the Muslims under Chiang Kai-shek's protection, those shielded by Stalin in the Asiatic Republics of the Soviet Union, the 80,000,000 in India who would be in the same boat as their co-religionists in the East Indies but for resistance to Japan on the Burmese frontier, and the mass of the Faithful to be found in Persia, Iraq, Arabia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco and West Africa; all of which are in Anglo-American safeguarding until a new peace is stabilised.

It was to this fourth and great aggregate of nearly 100,000,000 souls, if we include Turkey, now more than ever inclined to the Allied side, that Mr. Roosevelt addressed himself when he assured the Prime Minister of Iraq that the United Nations would not rest "until the Arab world has been relieved of every vestige of the threat of Axis aggression which has so long hung over it." Whatever was the tenor of the Iraqui Premier's approach, the President evidently wished to clinch matters, because each of the above ten Muslim territories in Anglo-American safeguarding is now playing a part, if often passive, in the struggle against Hitler. They extend from the borders of Tibet across the cradle of Islam, by the Tigris, to the reefs and rollers of the South Atlantic at Dakar.

Persia and Iraq supply oil and right of way to the Tenth Army, and transport facilities towards the Russian Caucasian Army. Saudi Arabia, custodian of the Holy Places, helps merely by remaining well-disposed. Syria and Palestine afford the Allies a coastline (and a pipe-line) which serves to-day to bar Axis adventure from the Ægean, and may serve to-morrow as something more positive. Besides its strategic dominance, Egypt bestows its prestige as leader of the Muslim world. Ever since Turkey elected to Westernise itself after the last war, Egypt has been looked to by the other Arab-speaking peoples by reason of its tradition, culture and wealth. If Egypt boasts no Caliph, a profane substitute is revealed in Cairo as the seat of all Arabic broadcasting, talkies and gramophone records!

The deadlock over the Caliphate, which in other days might have upset the apple-cart, seems to have been allowed to slip away as insoluble, and not crucially important. This sect holds that the Caliph must be elected; that sect claims he can only derive through the old line which Ataturk ended in 1924, so far as Turkey was concerned. That was when Islam lost its Caliph and it has never had another. I recollect being sent to Montreux, where ex-Caliph Abdul Medjid had arrived broke, with four wives and a suite of a dozen. He was a cheery, handsome old boy, spatted and monocled, and with white imperial, was the last Commander of the Faithful. He also had a winking eye which disconcerted until one learnt he couldn't control the lid. Ataturk had had him and his circle put on the train at Istambul, with £500, and this had already gone. Abdul assured me in French that he had never wanted to be Caliph. He was quite happy painting on his houseboat in the Bosphoros. But Kemal had insisted. "And now this!" Abdul really did have the artistic temperament. He would turn from his violin to sketching the Alps opposite. I acquired a march tune from him, and if his secretary accepted payment, it was made clear that his Highness yearned to get a decent paint-box.

To resume: Libya has supplied more campaigning than any place outside Russia. Tunisia will, it is hoped, provide the springboard of victory from the south, and, with Algeria and Morocco, a sizable North African expeditionary force. Finally, West Africa now aids in the crucial fight against Axis submarines, while Dakar should be able to send regiments of Senegalese to General Giraud's command at Algiers. The original idea was that Weygand's Syrian Army should emerge as a sort of Christian-Muslim crusading force for striking at the Italian flank. By ducking hostilities until France could no longer fight, and owing to misguided Allied refusal to declare war on him, Mussolini managed to bring that Syrian scheme to naught. But if General Giraud succeeds in time, we may yet witness a half-Christian, half-Muslim force striking at Fascism.

Not that the overwhelmingly Muslim population of North Africa is anxious to fight the intruding white infidel's battles. Algerians, Moors, Tunisians, impatiently await the end of the war in order to obtain autonomy, or a higher standard of living, or both. Old *Destur* dreamers in the Mosque of the Olive Tree at Tunis are vague about a United Maghreb culturally bound to the "Arabised" lands of Asia Minor. A younger school of Nationalists in the Western Lands (Maghreb) was finally influenced by the close-by Spanish Civil War and a showdown will be tried for, once martial law and the dread alternative to Allied victory are removed. At Fez, Algiers and Tunis there is much discourse round the Constitution Egypt has gained. Why shouldn't the Maghreb have as much? The aim is to secure the franchise and then to throw off foreign vested interests which depress Arab "popular" life to poverty and squalor.

Under existing circumstances the franchise is withheld for a reason that would have brought a gleam to Voltaire. In order to become a French citizen and so secure a vote, the Algerian Muslim must agree to be governed by the Code Napoleon, meaning that he must throw over Koranic Law, which produces a whole way of life alongside a religion. Among other things, it would mean that Muslims would have to live monogamously, and one sees French *fonctionnaires* pointing this out, prior to taking *apéritifs* with their mistresses before returning to their wives. Of course, it is all a game. As if the French care a hoot whether a Muslim has four, six or a dozen wives, though, in actuality, very, very few can afford more than one wife.

Advanced Muslims in North Africa especially are "wisening-up" to some of the games played at their expense in the name of Christianity. They advise Christians to convert themselves to more Galilean practices before presuming to interfere with the beliefs of other people.

As is known, Africa is divided into three major zones: Mediterranean, Tropical and South Africa. Writing of the last two, Cardinal Hinsley presents the following as being the reaction of intelligent and educated Africans to the Sixth Article in the Atlantic Charter—that relating to freedom from fear and freedom from want for all men in all lands:

"We know that foreign Powers possess much of our territory, and have in their hands in large measure our destiny and welfare. . . . We fear that our old institutions, cultures, arts—the *desturi* we value dearly—may be lost and replaced by something wholly alien to the race and traditions of our country. Our contacts with so-called 'modern civilisation' have not been completely favourable to our well-being. . . . We have a right to cultivate our own lands that we may not live on the borderland of bare subsistence: we do not wish our manhood to be exhausted in the mines, and our families starved on low wages which do not even provide the simple wants of a large part of our population. If, as President Roosevelt has said, one-third of the American people are 'ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed,' a still greater proportion of our Africans are in a worse condition, even having regard to their modest needs. Will the peace plans introduce a practical system of social and economic improvement, justly and wisely conducted for the welfare of the African members of the human family?" (I have omitted only obvious references to the Nazis.)

The Cardinal was not referring to Mediterranean Africa, but he probably is aware that the reaction of Algerians, Moors and Tunisians would be couched in stronger language.

Meanwhile, let the Americans bring green tea and sugar, lots and lots of each, to rejoice the grievously deprived Arabs and "Arabised" of North Africa. That, and respect for Muslim women, should aid in steadying the works for the duration.

A VIVID PICTURE FROM GIBRALTAR, showing the scene during a night raid on "The Rock": When the Alert is sounded hundreds of searchlights probe the night sky above the great rock fortress, and tracer bullets soon follow whenever an enemy aircraft is revealed in their beams

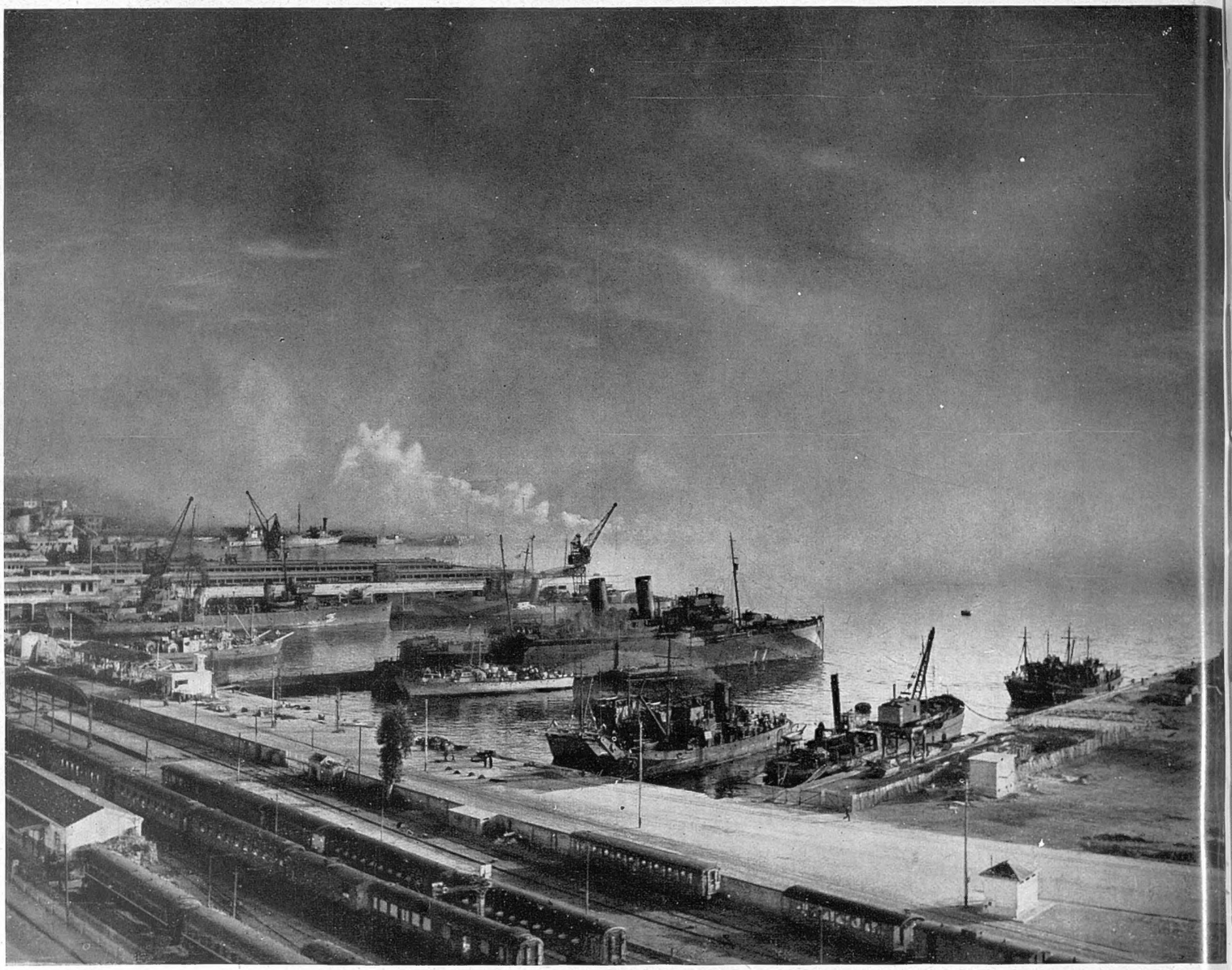
WHAT THE GERMAN TROOP-CARRYING GLIDERS LOOK LIKE: The two different types illustrated here were both captured almost undamaged at an airfield in the Daba region. The upper specimen is a D.F.S.230 glider; and the lower one has twin tails and fuselages

GERMAN GLIDERS CAPTURED IN EGYPT

The Troop-Carriers which have been Used to Reinforce the Afrika Korps

It has been known since the days of the Crete campaign that the Germans have been making use of numbers of specially-constructed gliders for the quick transport of troops within the battle-zone Here are two pictures which show what the newest types of German troop-carrying gliders look like. They were both found on an airfield in the Daba area, which was occupied by the Eighth Army during its lightning advance through Egypt. The upper picture is of a D.F.S.230: this is of monoplane type, with an enormous wing-span: the troops are seated down its length within the fuselage. The lower picture shows a glider with twin tails and fuselages. The cabin portion is wide and squat, and obviously capable of carrying quite a number of soldiers. The first had had its wings shot up by cannon-fire. But the other was practically undamaged: it was found reposing in a banked-up shelter to protect it from the blast of Allied bombs. The gliders are of simple construction—mostly made from materials readily available. They are lightly built and can probably be produced in great numbers very quickly. These troop-carriers can be towed in strings behind a big aircraft: contrary to the general belief, they do not materially reduce the speed of the towing machine once they are in the air

MORE PICTURES of the AFRICA LANDINGS—and AFTERWARDS



ALGIERS: HOW THE GREAT ARMADA OF ALLIED SHIPPING WAS PROTECTED AS IT LAY AT THE QUAYSIDES during the landings on the Mediterranean coast of Algeria. Whilst the vessels taken in to the harbour at Algiers were unloading, smoke-screens were laid around them by the covering warships—presumably to conceal the transports and merchantmen from enemy bombers. German dive-bombers did, in fact, frequently attack our transports during the landings at this point, but so successful were the landings that, quite soon, it was possible to bring some vessels right into the harbour, as shown in this dramatic view. Ships of all types and sizes were employed, a total number of 850 vessels taking part in the biggest Combined Operation of all time

ALGIERS: AFTER THE LANDINGS: One of the battered assault barges abandoned on the beaches. The surf at this spot runs very heavy, and will soon pound the vessel to pieces. An operation of such magnitude as the invasion of French North Africa could not be carried out without some mishaps!

ORAN: ENSIGN VIRGIL T. ALDRICH, one of the American salvage experts engaged on the task of raising the wrecks in the harbour. He was one of the first divers to reach the ill-fated U.S. submarine "Squalus" when she sank in 240 ft. of water off Portsmouth, in New Hampshire

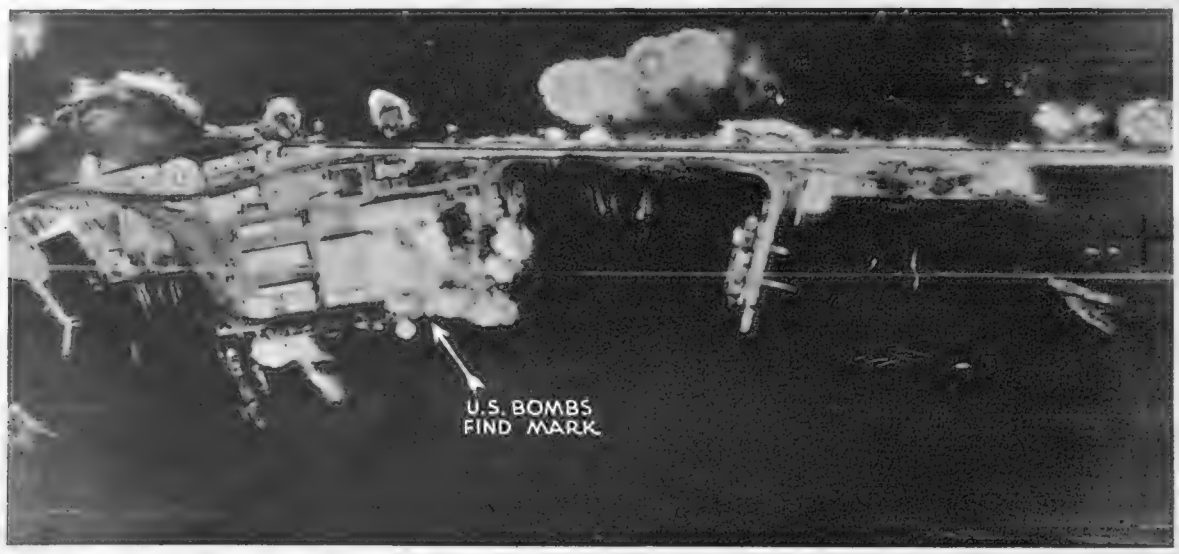
CASABLANCA: HOW THE DEBARKATION OF U.S. TROOPS WAS CARRIED OUT ON THE ATLANTIC COAST OF FRENCH MOROCCO: The American soldiers were landed with great speed and efficiency from a big number of vessels: some of these were of huge size, as this picture (taken at the quayside) shows. Considerable opposition was at first encountered at Casablanca, but when it was overcome reinforcements and supplies began to stream in. The Americans were fully equipped, each soldier bringing a considerable personal kit ashore with him, whilst the quays were soon piled high with stores of all kinds

ORAN: SALVAGING THE FRENCH SHIPS WHICH WERE SUNK IN THE HARBOUR: American and British naval divers have already begun the task of salvaging the many ships sunk during the recent landing operations in North Africa. In charge of this work is Lieut. George N. Ankers, of Seattle, who was responsible for the salvage of the American battleship "Oklahoma" after the Japanese blitz on Pearl Harbour. Work has already begun at Oran on the two French vessels above which are resting on the bottom in shallow water: it is expected that they will soon be raised and again working for the Allies

THE WAR BY AIR—At Sea and in Libya

U.S. NAVY SCOUT-BOMBERS AT WORK IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC: A formation of Vought-Sikorsky aircraft circles high above their powerful carrier as the latter steams briskly along—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

American aircraft-carriers have figured very largely in the war against Japan in the South-West Pacific; and the U.S. Navy have scored many successes with the Air Arm. The drawing by Mr. Davies above (made from photographic material) shows one of the powerful vessels of the American fleet with some of its modern scout-bombers. The latter are Vought-Sikorsky "Vindicators," a considerable number of which are in use with the U.S. Navy: these are two-seat monoplanes specially constructed for flying from the decks of carriers: the deck-landing hook (to engage with the arrester wires when landing) is prominent under the rear fuselage. Details of the performance and bomb-load of this aircraft have not yet been released for publication

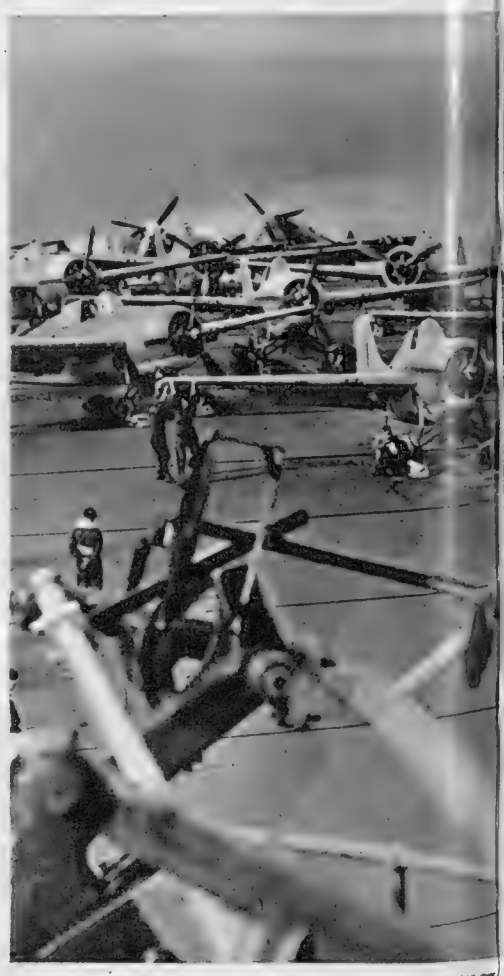


AMERICAN BOMBERS FIND THEIR MARK IN TRIPOLI HARBOUR: The "Spanish Mole" (in upper left) with four fires burning and two large explosions

On this mission, the bombers were instructed to attack harbour installations, and not shipping. The results are seen above. Tripoli lies to the west of El Agheila, and is probably one of Rommel's supply bases. Throughout the campaign in Libya it has been subjected to attack from the air, but during the past few weeks these attacks have been greatly accentuated. The Spanish Mole is the most important objective at Tripoli: by destroying its installations considerable dislocation of the enemy's reinforcement plans might ensue

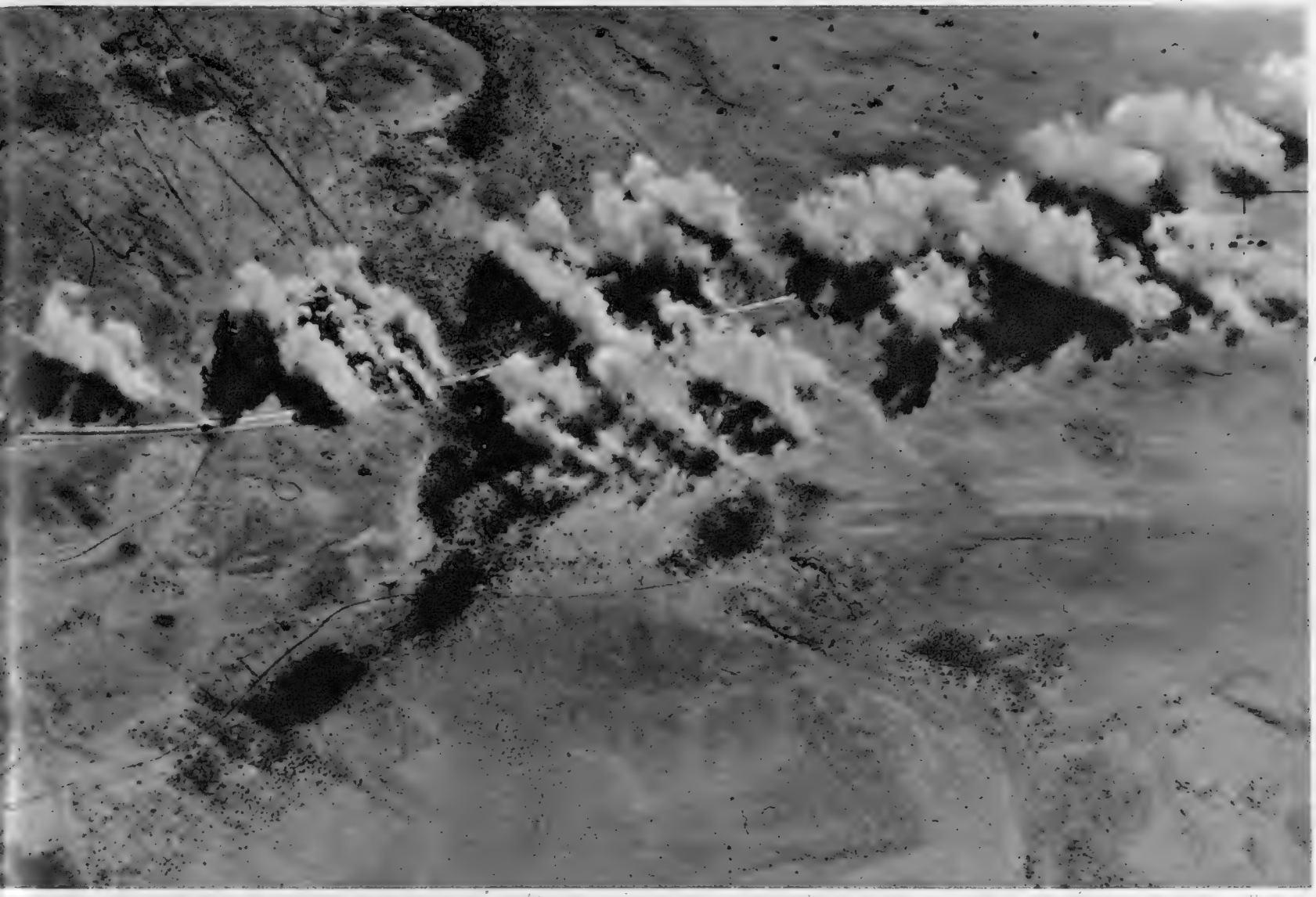
WHAT ROMMEL'S RETREATING ARMY SUFFERED AT

This is only one aspect of "air superiority." It is now generally known that, during Rommel's frantic rush to El Agheila, his disorganised forces were, for the first time in this war, not provided with the air umbrella to which they have become accustomed: the *Luftwaffe*, in fact, was beaten out



A SCENE ON BOARD AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER WHILST

A number of aircraft-carriers took part in the North African operations: the aircraft flown from their decks helped to provide the "umbrella" beneath which the Navy and Army were enabled to proceed without interference from hostile bombers. At such moments as those depicted in this fine official picture, the big flight deck is a scene



THE HANDS OF R.A.F. BOMBERS DURING ITS RUSH TO THE WEST: A column of enemy transports caught by a salvo of bombs on the road from Daba to Fuka. Note the precision with which the deadly missiles have been aimed at the narrow road

of the air by the ground strafing and fighter tactics of the R.A.F. before the battle had really been opened by General Montgomery and the Eighth Army. Consequently, when the *Luftwaffe* was needed most—to hold off the ferocity of the British attack—the enemy's aircraft were just not there! Opportunities like those illustrated in the picture above were, therefore, to be found in plenty. War correspondents have frequently written of the disorganisation wrought amongst the fleeing Axis columns by the bombers of the R.A.F. They gave the fleeing transport columns no rest, harrying them every hour of the day and night with their "shuttle" tactics. This transport column was caught on the road from Daba to Fuka—wide open to attack from the air, as the surrounding countryside offered no cover, nor opportunity to disperse. The precision with which the bombs are bursting is a fine tribute to R.A.F. marksmanship and skill!

FLYING OPERATIONS ARE ACTUALLY IN PROGRESS: This picture was taken during the North Africa landings: it shows a Martlet fighter being flown off, whilst other Martlets and some of the new Seafires are being prepared in the background

of ordered activity: first of all, the big carrier has to be brought head to wind—note the curving wake in the picture above indicating that the ship has just performed this manœuvre; then the fighter roars down the length of the deck along the central line, becoming airborne well before the bow is reached. The Grumman Martlet seen here bears U.S. markings: in the U.S. Navy this type is known as the "Wildcat." It is a single-seat fighter with a maximum speed of 330 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of 290 m.p.h. Its landing speed is the very reasonable one of 68 m.p.h. The Martlet is operated in Britain by the Fleet Air Arm, the pilots of which have found it much to their liking, especially on account of its great manœuvrability. The Seafire, some of which are also seen above at the stern of the carrier, is the sea-version of the Spitfire. Certain of this famous type have now been adapted for operation from carriers and have proved a great success: the Hurricane, with which the Spitfire has always been associated in the public mind, was long ago adapted for similar functions

THOSE WHO RUN MAY READ

Or, What Life is Like at a Big Public School in Wartime

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THANKS to Lord Woolton, the food at Public Schools is far better than it was in the last war, but the registration and medical examination at the age of seventeen years and eight months of all youths who become liable to call-up at eighteen will affect them more than somewhat. Until now, boys do not reach the Forces until they are well over eighteen, and as I write, the second half of the 1924 class have not yet registered.

I have just come from a visit to Harrow and Malvern, which have made a temporary marriage at Harrow-on-the-Hill. After conversations with both Headmasters and some of the boys, it is quite clear to me that the Public School boy of this war is doing infinitely more for the country, and is being far better prepared for the years after the war, than my generation of 1914-1918. My recollections are, however, that while we did much more military training than is now done at Public Schools, we did far less to help the war effort. I can vaguely recall our digging trenches for potatoes and lifting them and eating them ourselves. But that was all. In those days, of course, Sandhurst was still in full swing, and it was possible to go straight to an O.C.B. (Octu) instead of having to complete at least three months in the ranks, as is now the case. In those days, too, boys who were going to the Guards O.C.B. at Bushey went immediately they were eighteen. Those of us who were going to Line regiments stayed on until the end of the Term nearest to the day that we were eighteen and a-half, but had to do several extra parades a week for this privilege.

To-day, at Harrow and Malvern, the actual military training is only two and a-half hours a week, but apart from the J.T.C. (the O.T.C. of the last war) boys have the opportunity of joining the Air Training Corps and the Sea Cadets. In addition, there is any amount of land work and the like, together with every opportunity of joining the local Home Guard during the holidays, and of doing a certain amount of Home Guard work, or at least training on Home Guard lines, during Term time.

It really amounts to this—that the average Harrovian and Malvernian plays games only three times a week instead of five times, the other two being devoted to war work. It would, of course, be the greatest mistake to reduce games-playing any further. All work and no play makes Jack a notoriously dull boy.

By the way, Harrow and Malvern, although thrown into such close proximity, maintain their individual characteristics, both with regard to hours of work, curriculum, and war effort. Harrow boys have two spells of land work of two hours each week. This includes tree-felling and timber work, forestry, clearing copses, reclaiming land, cultivating new land, and pasture improvement under a master who is an expert on grass. Harrow, too, has an experimental teaching farm. For there is even an Agricultural side in the same way as there is a Classic or Mathematical side. All this land work is done on a voluntary basis, but practically all the senior 100 boys take part in it. In addition to this, there are harvesting camps, and there are to be forestry camps in which the older boys go off, under school organisation, for three weeks or a month to some selected spot in the country. (This, incidentally, takes the place of those gay days we used to have at Tidworth Pennings in the last war.)

For military purposes, Harrow J.T.C. is attached to the Coldstream Guards, but has ceased to be part of the local Home Guard unit owing to the difficulties of training locally during the holidays. Every boy over sixteen is trained in A.R.P., and though the brunt of the fire-watching is borne by the Masters, there is a fire party in each House trained in the use of the stirrup-pump. Incidentally, this training is a further call on their spare time. Each House, too, has a black-out patrol, and certain boys are detailed to see that the consumption of power and heat is kept at the minimum.

Both Harrow and Malvern have periods of physical training, and Harrow provides a further contribution to the war effort by training a dozen apprentices for war work in their own engineering shops, where the Harrow boys themselves (on the engineering side) do simple turning and lathe working.

Up till now, the boys who reach the age of eighteen can more or less expect deferment until the end of the Term, or even up to the age of nineteen and a half if they are going to the University and are equipping themselves for specialised services to the country. For this, however, they must be of scholarship standard; and the majority prefer to go straight to the Forces. It is a pleasant fact that there is a far closer liaison between the Government and Service authorities on the one hand and Public Schools on the other. Everything is more carefully planned than in the last war, and there are frequent visits from senior Whitehall officials to give guidance. In this way the boys are far less unsettled than in the last war. They know how their time is laid out, and those who decide to go up to the University for their maximum period of three Terms can do so with a clear conscience.

At Malvern, the J.T.C. is run much more on Home Guard lines than its opposite number at Harrow. Malvern also has a branch of the Youth Service Corps, which can be described as a kind of junior W.V.S. It takes on any odd job, from handling the ration cards to collecting salvage, sawing trees for firewood, tending the boilers, and gardening. (Washing-up, the laying of tables, the lighting of fires, the cleaning of shoes, and the making up of their own beds are all carried out under a House rota, and are apart from the Youth Service Corps duties.) In a single week recently the boys contributed a thousand hours directly to the war effort in this way.

School prefects and House prefects, too, have added responsibilities. My recollection of my own schooldays is that, apart from the head boy, the captain of games, and the editor of the School magazine, the duties of monitors were negligible except for having to supervise the evening Preparation of the younger boys. Of the School prefects at Malvern, one is senior Chapel prefect and captain of football; another is junior Chapel prefect; others are Library prefect and secretary of games committee; prefect of missions; prefect of colts; prefect of accounts, shooting, and courts; prefect of gymnasium and physical training; prefect of Youth Service, prefect of choir, prefect of fire squad and art school; prefect of agriculture, and editor of the Malvernian.

Every House prefect, too, has a job. One is prefect of fines and black-out (the maximum of sixpence can be inflicted for lateness at breakfast or a breach of the black-out regulations); another is in charge of the House workshop; a third of the Youth Service Corps contingent, and so on.

Now about post-war planning. Sir William Beveridge has made the subject topical. There is no doubt that both Harrow and Malvern, and presumably other great Public Schools, have been altering their curriculum in a way that will best suit boys in the hectic post-war world. The more one studies the subjects offered, the more one realises that the Public School of to-day is becoming almost as diverse as a university. With the exception of Law, there is scarcely a subject at Oxford or Cambridge for which the modern Public School, like Harrow and Malvern, does not cater. The Sixth Form at Harrow has no fewer than eight sides—classics, modern languages, history, mathematics, science, economics, and geography, agriculture and Services. The last-named corresponds to the old Army class of the last war, but in fact only affects those boys who are going into the Royal Navy.

At Malvern there is a business side in the Fifth Form. Here, boys are taught commercial arithmetic, economic geography, and local government (which includes town planning). They pay visits to prisons, assizes, and urban district council meetings. Only one Malvern boy is studying Russian, and this is one more than Harrow, but the Headmasters of both schools propose to show a greater interest in this particular language.

Boys can now specialise in geography (instead of having a spasmodic period, which was my experience). History is a good example of the enlightened teaching at Public Schools to-day. Personally, I did the Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth epochs four times, and never got beyond the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The modern Public School boy is now being taught American history and British Empire history! Economic questions are discussed and, particularly in the case of Harrow, Members of Parliament come along and lecture on, say, international relations in the post-war world.

It is also noticeable that music is strong in both schools—not just bawling out the old school songs, but real music—chamber music and the learning of various instruments.

There is no doubt that the modern schoolboy is very different from his predecessor of the last war. He has a great deal more to learn, he is given more encouragement to specialise at an earlier age, he has a far fuller life, and in consequence will become very much more a man of the world than we were when we left school. In view of death duties, income-tax, and post-war conditions generally, this is just as well. It also means that if Government grants are going to be given to poor children in the form of scholarships enabling them to go to the great Public Schools, they will find that what they will be taught is genuinely practical. Yes, that is really what I have been trying to say all along: the Public School of to-day, as instanced by Harrow and Malvern, is run on practical, modern lines without losing any of its traditions. Needless to say, both Headmasters are under forty. Those who run may read. . . .

THE GREATEST HARROVIAN OF THEM ALL—The latest portrait of the Rt. Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill. The Prime Minister was educated at the famous School on the Hill, and to-day he is its best-known son. This picture of the Old Harrovian was taken recently, on the occasion of Mr. Churchill's broadcast speech on the eve of his sixty-eighth birthday. He is, needless to say, wearing the "siren suit" which he favours during indoor working periods

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The KING'S YACHT on WAR SERVICE

From left to right—Mr. A. Skipworth, Warrant Keeper and Steward of the Royal Cabins (who has had 32 years' service aboard the vessel), Lieut.-Commander W. G. Crouch, M.V.O., D.S.C., R.N. (Commanding Officer, who has had 20 years' service on the Royal Yacht), Lieut.-Commander W. W. Cooper, and Lieut.-Commander H. J. Phillips

Trainees on board the "Victoria and Albert" descending the famous ornamental staircase from the yacht's upper deck

The forty-three-year-old Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which was due to be scrapped before the war, is now on war service and is acting as an overflow accommodation ship for a Royal Navy Gunnery School. The furniture has been removed, but most of the handsome fittings remain: her commanding officer, Lieut.-Commander W. G. Crouch, has rejoined the yacht after having served 20 years in her. The Royal reception lounge, where many foreign Royalties have been received, has been boarded off and now serves as a canteen. The cabins are closed, with the remaining furniture and fittings shrouded in dust sheets: these are guarded by the Keeper and Steward of the Royal Cabins, Mr. A. Skipworth. Among the many officers who have passed through the *Victoria and Albert* are Indians, Dutchmen, Norwegians and French

Some of the trainees on the "Victoria and Albert" round the ornate hand-wheel and binnacle. The former comes from the old warship, H.M.S. "Royal George"

Temporary Warrant Officer candidates at dinner in the Royal suite. Only two cabins of the former Royal apartments are now in use

The Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Commander W. G. Crouch, with some of the yacht's original crew who are still serving

The Petty Officers' Mess in the Royal Suite apartments aboard the "Victoria and Albert." The Royal reception lounge has had its furniture removed and now serves as a canteen

The TALE of TOBRUK

The Extraordinary Story of the Italian Fortress which has Now Become a Part of Britain's Military History

By WALTER BUTLER

THE TOBRUK THAT WAS: A picture taken when it was captured—for the first time—on January 21, 1941. It then remained in British hands till June 1942, after having been relieved in November 1941, when Rommel was forced back to El Agheila. Petrol dumps were burning fiercely as our troops entered it for the first time in 1941

OPPOSITE Crete, on the southern shore of the Mediterranean there sticks out into the sea a promontory of land shaped rather like the short horns of an Aberdeen Angus cow; on the western tip is the village of El Gazala, and on the eastern tip a small seaport town of which not one person in ten million had ever heard before December 1941, and which now the English-speaking world will never forget—Tobruk.

Though the war in the Western Desert has seen many hard-fought engagements and the wax and wane of many reputations, no name has succeeded in challenging Tobruk. Its occupation was first announced on January 21, 1941, one of the chief fruits of General Wavell's daring, almost bluffing, offensive which came as virtually the only piece of good news in the long, dark, blitz-ridden winter of 1940-41. We entered it fifty days after General Wavell had opened his brilliant offensive which cleared the Italians out of Egyptian territory and rolled them right out of Cyrenaica, back to El Agheila, which was reached on February 11. With only 30,000 men, Wavell had taken nearly 200,000 prisoners.

Then came the invasion of Greece, which took from Egypt the men and machines on which Wavell was probably counting as the reinforcements necessary to preserve his gains. Rommel thrust forward cautiously at first, then boldly, until by March 1941 he had pushed past Tobruk as far as Sollum.

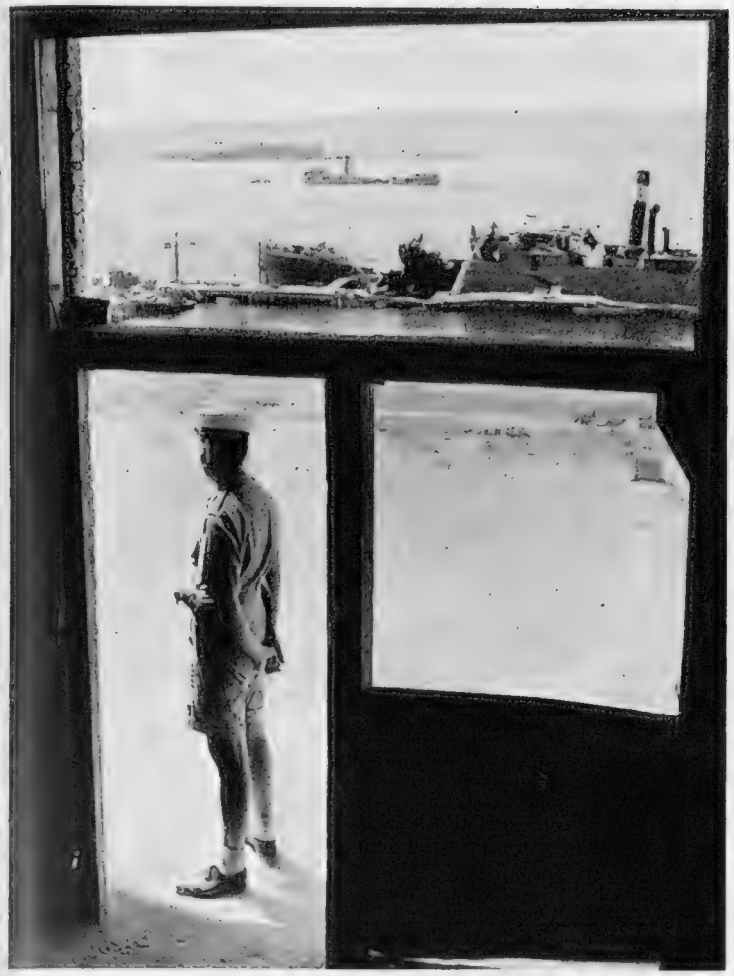
This period of nine months, from March 1941 until November 1941, is probably the most brilliant and picturesque in the whole history of Tobruk. Isolated, except by sea, Tobruk not merely resisted all enemy attempts to break into it, but actually frequently took the offensive. The strong sallies made by the garrison were of the greatest embarrassment to Rommel. The summer of 1941 saw repeated attempts by the Afrika Korps to enter the garrison, and the words "perimeter defences" appeared almost daily in the communiqués. Failing in every attempt, Berlin spokesmen next declared that Tobruk had always been strongly fortified by the Italians; with the defences as improved by the British capture by assault was impossible. It had, therefore, been decided to batter the town flat by bombing, and special squadrons of the *Luftwaffe* were being sent to Libya for the purpose.

The Germans undoubtedly did treat Tobruk to very heavy raids. They were prevented from carrying out their threat literally by the fact that we never lost our grip on the desert air as badly as we did for a time on the desert land,

WHILST IT WAS BEING HELD AS A BRITISH STRONGHOLD—in August 1941: From March 1941 until its relief in November, Tobruk was a beleaguered fortress; but it held out, its "perimeter defences" never penetrated! At that time parts of Tobruk were still recognisable: to-day it is a battered wreck!

THE 10,000-TON CRUISER "SAN GIORGIO," SUNK IN JUNE 1940 IN TOBRUK HARBOUR: This Italian vessel was badly damaged by the R.A.F. in January 1940; later she was sunk. Then she was used as a "fortress," her guns being used as an anti-aircraft battery. Shortly before Tobruk fell in January 1941, to General Wavell's army, the cruiser was again very severely damaged and set on fire. This is how she remained throughout our occupation of the town

and also by the fact that Tobruk is built on soft sandstone, containing innumerable caves which make excellent air-raid shelters. Many excellent stories belong to this period of Tobruk's history. There were the activities of the fleet of little ships which ran the gauntlet of Bomb Alley to bring supplies in and take men out for leave. "Potato Jones," the skipper who became famous in the Spanish Civil War, was one of the many merchant-navy men who took pride in the thought that they were helping the Tobruk men to defy Rommel. Newspapers carried quotations from the *Tobruk Times*, a garrison newspaper actually printed during the siege. The "Aussie" portion of the little army became famous for its night sorties, and for its demands for bottled beer. Rommel began to build a by-pass road to enable him to bring his supplies up to Sollum. He actually succeeded in completing it, but traffic was frequently interrupted and supplies meant for Sollum not infrequently stopped short in Tobruk. With the indispensable assistance of the Navy, the garrison was fed, armed, supplied, taken in and out on leave, and reinforced right through the summer and autumn of 1941, until on November 18 General Auchinleck launched his attack. Within a few days the Afrika Korps was in full retreat, and the men of Tobruk were able to come out and join forces with their advancing comrades. Our advance reached its peak in January, when we had Rommel pushed back as far as Jedabiah. Though he recovered some ground, Tobruk was never again seriously threatened until Rommel's lightning attack which commenced on May 27, 1942.



ON DUTY AT "ADMIRALTY HOUSE" during the British occupation: Out in the harbour is a veritable graveyard of ships, all of which were sunk before January 1941, during British attacks whilst Tobruk was still held by the enemy

THE CAVEMEN OF TOBRUK: How the Australians adapted themselves to local conditions. To protect themselves from the continuous shelling and air bombardments during the ten months of siege, the garrison lived in caves. These also served the defenders as storage places for necessary impedimenta

NOVEMBER 1942: Men of the Queen's marching into Tobruk after the enemy had fled without putting up a fight. From January 21, 1941, till June 21, 1942, Tobruk was in British hands—a period of seventeen months: from June 21 till November 13 it was held by the Axis—a period of 145 days. Then it again fell to the Eighth Army without even a struggle

Heavily reinforced by convoys which had reached him while we were preoccupied by the defence of Malta, Rommel rolled us back past Bir Hacheim, Sidi Rezegh and Bardia. The news of the actual fall of Tobruk on June 20, 1942, and the capture of its garrison of 25,000 men was in many ways one of the bitterest pills of the war. Only six days before the loss of the town a big supply convoy had succeeded in entering, despite intense air attacks, and the port was known to be bulging with our supplies.

Rommel, it is now clear, had decided that Tobruk was to be one of the fruits of his offensive, whatever else was lost or won. During the eighteen months the place had been in our hands it had been an unbearable thorn in his flank.

By the morning of the 19th, he knew that the bulk of our armour was destroyed. He knew, too, that we were withdrawing our forces to suitable ground for a stand, and that no suitable terrain existed before El Alamein, many miles to the east.

NOVEMBER 13, 1942: Tobruk is again recaptured by the Eighth Army, and the Union Jack is hoisted over the town once more

Detaching a very large part of his strength, he struck north and west to Tobruk. Many of the perimeter minefields had been opened to permit the passage of our own forces; the garrison was in large part new and unfamiliar with the defences.

Under cover of a heavy barrage, German sappers made fresh gaps in the minefields. Those anti-tank guns in the line of advance were dive-bombed for hours. No valour could obtain against such a disparity of men and metal.

When the news of the fall reached the outside world it produced an effect out of all proportion to its military proportions. The Germans were cock-a-hoop, Rommel was promoted and Mr. Churchill (then on a visit to Mr. Roosevelt) admitted that it was a dire blow. From then until November 13, 1942, Tobruk remained in German hands, who used it confidently as a base in preparation for a future assault.

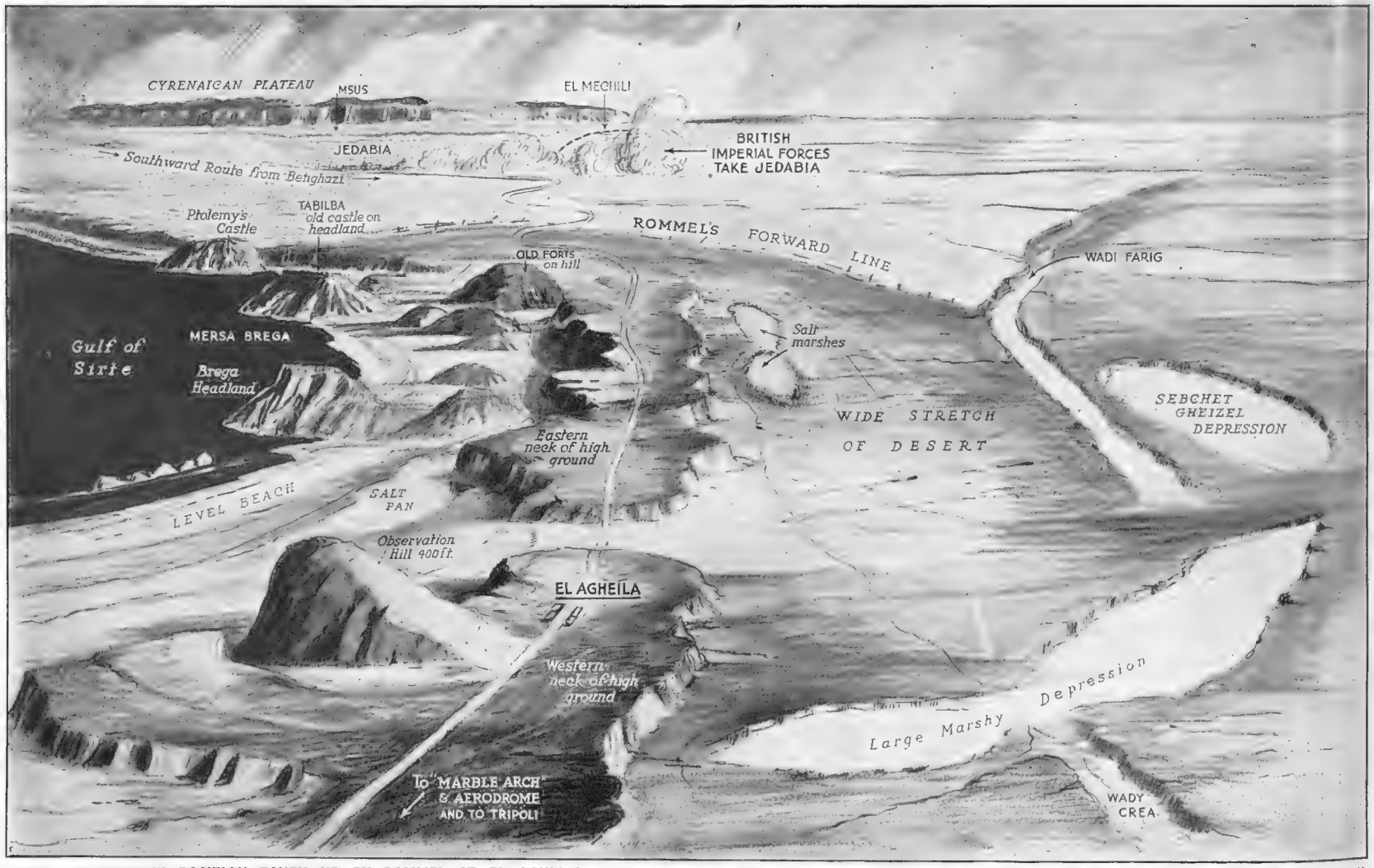
The first real step to regain the place was the Commando raid of September 13, 1942. A light naval force landed men from barges, after heavy R.A.F. preparation, and the destroyers *Sikh* and *Zulu* bombarded from almost point-blank range. The landing parties were heavily armed and liberally equipped with explosives, and when they retired they had, in large measure, achieved their aim of destroying all stores and port equipment which would be of use to Rommel. Both destroyers were lost and casualties were not light, but the job was done. A few days earlier Rommel had launched his attack round El Hemeimat, with the obvious object of finding a soft spot for his drive on Alexandria. Thanks to the reinforced air arm, to our new anti-tank guns and to our now much more numerous artillery, he failed. General Montgomery's attack opened on October 23, and Tobruk was retaken on November 13—the fastest British advance over the same ground. Though the recapture of the town had been impatiently awaited, it had never seriously been doubted, since the opening of the last offensive. This time, too, it looks as if the final chapter in the tale of Tobruk has been told, and that except for Axis air raids, Tobruk will revert to the peaceful role of a small supply port for the Allied North African Armies.

MOVING UP TO EL AGHEILA

The New Axis Strong-Point on the Gulf of Sirte; the Litter of War at Mersa Matruh; and the "Sand-Hopping" Tactics of the Royal Air Force

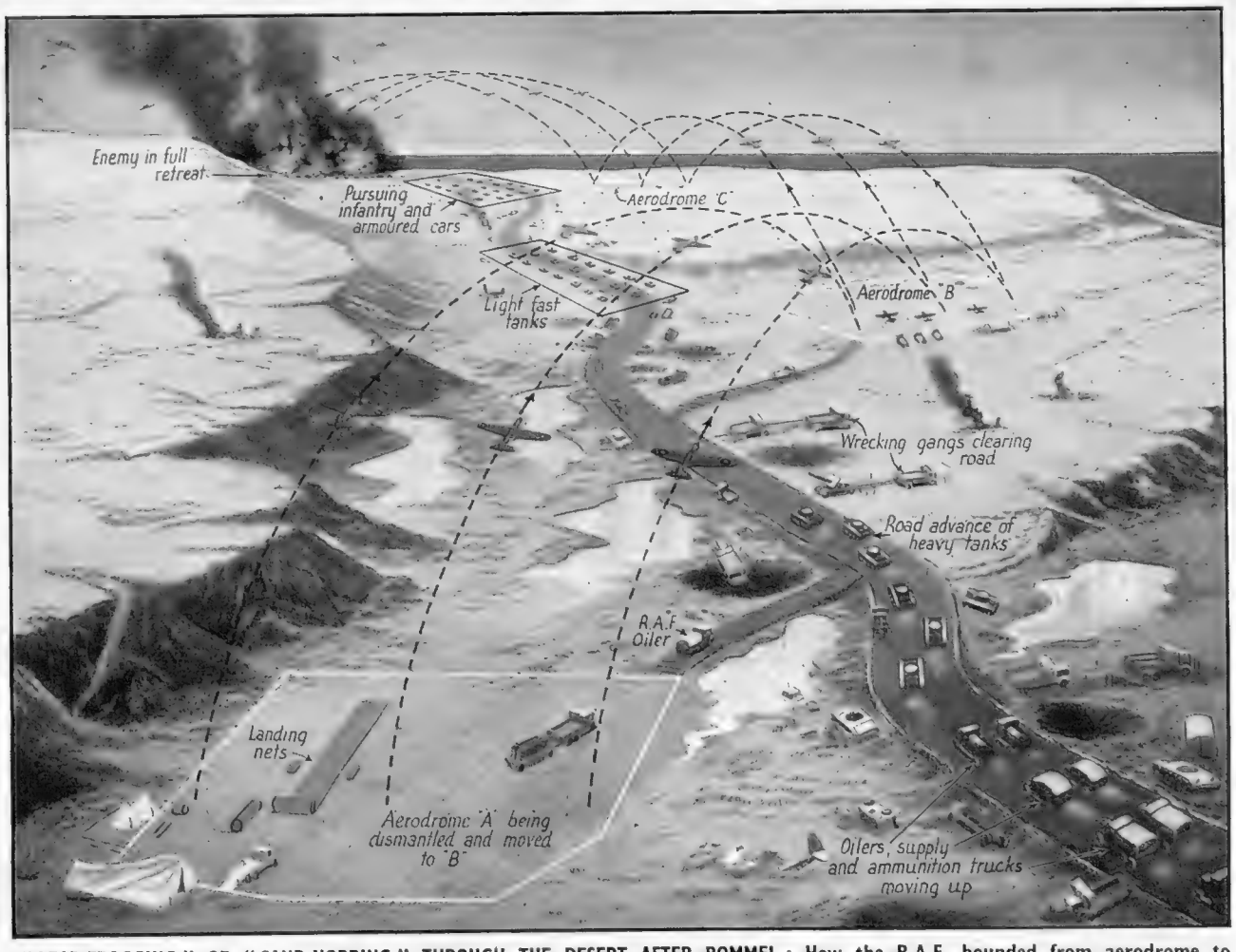
THIS IS THE "MARBLE ARCH," IN THE DESERT WEST OF AGHEILA, which the R.A.F. have been hammering for some time past: It is a monument built of stone brought from Rome; it marks a spot midway between Tunisia and Egypt on the coast road along the Gulf of Sirte. Near by is a great airfield which was the objective of the R.A.F. bombers. On the monument is the following (now somewhat ironic!) inscription—"Gracious Sun, mayest thou shine on nothing greater than the City of Rome"

Below—**ROMMEL'S STRONG-POINT AT THE FOOT OF THE GULF OF SIRTE:** When Marshal Rommel started his rapid retreat to the west with the battered remnants of the Afrika Korps, it was considered probable that he would make no prolonged stand anywhere short of El Agheila, the defensive qualities of which were well known to him. This opinion appears to be justified, for at the end of last month our pursuing forces came in contact with him at Jedabia and the region immediately to the south. But as soon as Jedabia was captured by our forces, it became evident that the enemy's main defence rested on Mersa Brega on the one hand, and the marshy depressions in the desert on the other. Mersa Brega is a natural boat harbourage flanked by headlands crowned by ruins of old fortifications, indicating that the spot had attracted other military leaders in the past. Brega headland is the most conspicuous of these promontories, which jut out into the Gulf of Sirte before a wide stretch of level beach is reached. Some low hills and salt-pans guard the actual beaches. Inland rise the two strips of high ground which carry the main road to Tripoli. They form, as it were, the inner keep of the El Agheila stronghold. All along their sides they command the lower beaches and desert stretches which, to the east and south, are guarded by salt marshes and still larger marshy depressions. These latter present natural bunkers, which would require careful negotiation wherever ways through are possible. The Sebchet Gheizel is typical of several of these natural protections to Rommel's southern and western flanks. The depressions are marshy in parts, confining any motorised attacks to the harder ground. The perimeter is, however, broken by more accessible tracts, which would need to be heavily guarded against the Eighth Army's guns, infantry and tanks. The surrounding desert is wild and desolate: early travellers were much impressed by this, literally, howling wilderness, in which the hyæna prowled. The military quality of the El Agheila position is also strengthened by the presence of eminences of several hundreds of feet in height, from which a wide survey of the surrounding terrain can be obtained. The two or three landing-grounds within the defence area are supplemented with a more important one near the monumental gateway, known to the R.A.F. as the "Marble Arch," which bestrides the road to Tripoli



WHY THE DEFENCE POSITION TAKEN UP BY ROMMEL AT EL AGHEILA IS SO VITAL TO THE BADLY-MAULED AFRIKA KORPS. This drawing shows, in considerable detail, the salt marshes, wadis, hills, etc., which provide the Axis defenders with natural points of strength on the sea coast. On the left is the Gulf of Sirte: in the foreground is the road which leads to "Marble Arch" (*See* notes above)—*Drawing by Percy Home*

HOW THE EIGHTH ARMY ENTERED THE HARBOUR AT MERSA MATRUH, to find the wreck of a huge Dornier seaplane on the beach. The shores of the various ports were found to be littered with the debris of war just as was the desert itself. At Mersa Matruh seaplanes and ships strewed the foreshore, as depicted in the above drawing by Roland Davies. This German seaplane had obviously crashed before the occupation of the port by the Eighth Army: both its wings were smashed and its three engines had been removed. Along the shore wrecked store buildings, destroyed dumps, and damaged jetties testified to the deadly accuracy of Allied bombers, whilst in the harbour itself were the remains of many Axis vessels caught during the task of revictualling the Afrika Korps



"LEAP-FROGGING," OR "SAND-HOPPING," THROUGH THE DESERT AFTER ROMMEL: How the R.A.F. bounded from aerodrome to aerodrome to carry out its task of strafing the fleeing enemy, whilst the infantry and tanks of the Eighth Army followed up by road (*See* notes at left)—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

On right—

As Rommel fled to the westward—out of Egypt, over the border into Cyrenaica, and then into Tripolitania—the R.A.F. never ceased to batter at his fleeing columns. It is now known that, by this work, our pilots greatly precipitated the rout, forcing the abandonment of every port and town without a fight. During this period of unremitting pursuit, aerodromes were packed up overnight, with all their equipment and supplies, and moved forward by lorries to enable the bombers to keep hitting at the enemy. At the same time, wrecking gangs cleared the road of broken-down or destroyed vehicles, so that the supply columns could go forward as soon as other working parties of sappers had cleared away the mines. The continuous pressure maintained by the R.A.F. against the routed Axis army was possible only because our Desert Air Force has become one of the most mobile in the world. "Whole wings move forward to new airfields with incredible speed," wrote one observer. "One principle is maintained in these rapid moves forward—the formation never stops operating. Planes that take off from one aerodrome on a raid may return to another 50 or 100 miles nearer the retreating enemy. Awaiting them are ground crew and stores. Meantime, other ground personnel will be on the way to yet another airfield still nearer the enemy. By this leap-frog process, the closest possible contact with the enemy is maintained"

THE WEATHER DURING THE ADVANCE THROUGH CYRENAICA WAS A GREAT HINDRANCE TO OUR ADVANCING COLUMNS AMONGST THE HILLY COUNTRY. The victory of Axis forces, but also over the mud and slush and driving rain which threatened to bog it down completely—*Drawing by*

Whilst the Eighth Army was in pursuit of the Axis through the valleys and passes of the Jebel—the rough hill country which cuts through Cyrenaica between Derna and Benghazi—the weather tried to help the enemy to escape! But thanks to the untiring efforts of all ranks, the mud and slush and rain were overcome, and the columns were able to maintain their schedule. West of Martuba the column slithered and skidded through patches of quagmire along a road which twisted and climbed through green hills and clay-soil ravines. The rain whipped into the drivers' faces as 25-pounders, anti-tank guns and A.-A. artillery bounced wildly along until they plunged axle-deep into the mud. The trucks were often in trouble: even the armoured cars had difficulty in getting through. But the eager hands of men anxious once more to get at grips with the enemy pulled them out of trouble. Tanks and Bren-gun carriers were often drawn out of convoy to give help to bogged trucks. When one vehicle got into trouble there were usually ten others to help it out. All one day the engines groaned in low gear as the column forced

The AMMUNITION of the TANK

The Problem of its Stowage is a Limiting Factor in Operations

By DONALD COWIE

MUCH is made of the mileage capacities of tanks, how far they can travel without refuelling; whereas their ammunition capacities have far less attention. The quantity of ammunition a tank can carry without impairing its mobility and fighting-power is more important than the size of its petrol-tank. A great deal of good a tank could do if it penetrated several hundred miles into enemy territory and then found that its ammunition supply would last for only a few minutes' fighting! Recent developments have accentuated this.

The tank has now reverted, for the meantime at least, to the position of a close-co-operating arm. Instead of ranging far and wide on its own account, it fights as an integral part of a force comprising artillery, infantry, armoured formations and aircraft. Its most important activity is a pitched battle with the enemy's armour, when all may depend upon not the mileage it can cover, but the number of shells it can fire.

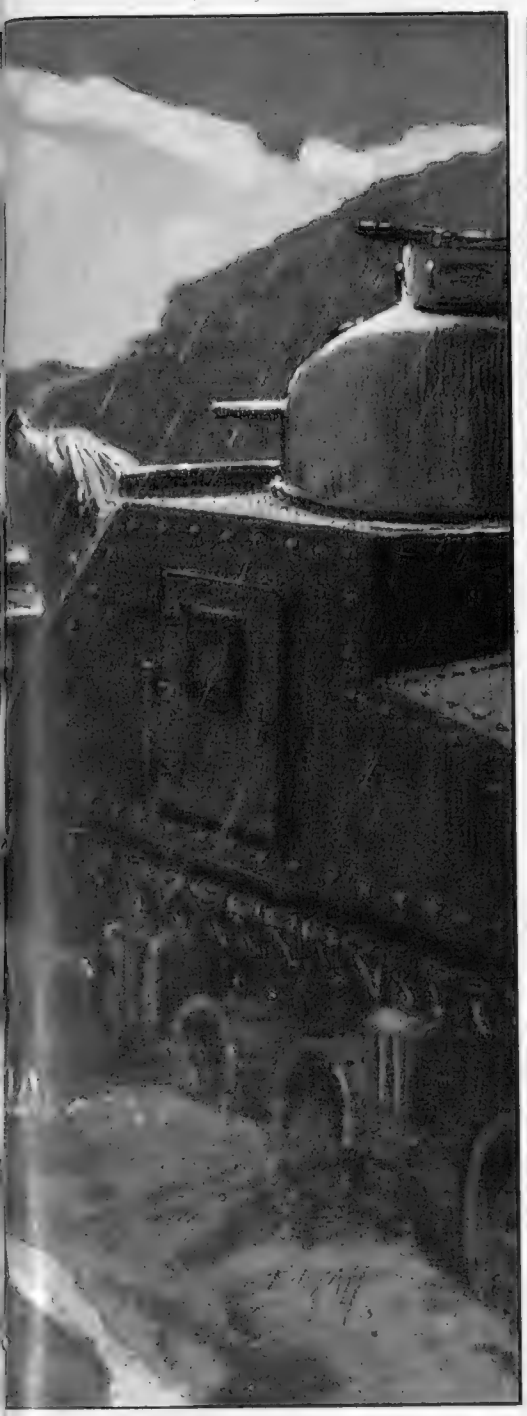
The difficulties of tank designers and their War Office directors are illustrated by the fact that the adoption of 6-pounder instead of 2-pounder guns was originally opposed on the ground that it would restrict mobility. Not only the additional weight of the larger weapon, but also the greater heaviness of its shells, would reduce speed, and inflict more cramped conditions on the crew. Of 2-pounder shells, a tank might be able to carry 300; the same number of 6-lb. projectiles would absorb three times the space, cutting down speed and mileage range, proportionately. Yet the decision, as results have shown, was wisely made.

It has been found that ammunition stowage requirements dictate two main essentials: accessibility and safety. These seeming incompatibles are ensured in most modern tanks by the building of shell-racks, or tiers of pigeon-holes to the left and right of the side doors as they are entered. One main store is forward, next to the track casing, protected by the thick frontal armour, and the other is in the dead centre of the tank.

The ammunition is therefore as safe as it can be, within easy reach of the men, and the racks can be replenished quickly from outside by entering the doors and filling those straight ahead, under the turret, and those to the left up a narrow alleyway. The shells are brought up in special tractored caissons, in trucks, or even by hand, and, packed together or clipped together in numbers according to their size, can be transferred to the tanks quickly.

The work of the ammunition teams in the Alamein battle was vital and gallant. More than anything else, more than petrol, water, or running repairs, our superb large tanks needed constant supplies of shells with which to make the most of the targets of a lifetime presented to them by our

WHAT THE RAINS OF EGYPT DO TO THE DESERT STRETCHES: A picture from the Sollum area after heavy rain had fallen during the pursuit of the Axis army



CO-OPERATION BETWEEN TWO SERVICES IN THE DESERT BATTLES: R.A.F. ground crews who helped to refuel front-line Army tanks during the battle for Sidi Barrani

Advanced units of the R.A.F. helped the Army during some of the fighting in Egypt in the manner indicated in the picture reproduced here. When it was taken ten 88-mm. German guns were shelling the road only 800 yards away and twice attacked vehicles of the Eighth Army. But in a short time, the tanks were refuelled and in action again, and the convoys behind them had moved on. The R.A.F. squadrons which operated during our advance were all mobile: they followed up with our advanced units, and in the shortest possible time were pressing home their attacks from the most forward airfields

On right—The new 6-pounder gun, with which the Crusader tank is now equipped, has been taking a heavy toll of enemy armour in Africa. Originally, the British-made Crusader (like other pre-war types) was equipped with a 2-pounder. The war brought about a race for armoured supremacy, and our recent successes are largely due to the heavier armour, armament and fire-power with which we have been able to equip our fighting vehicles. The Crusader weighs about 18 tons, has a good radius of action, and its speed has not been sacrificed for armour. Its cross-country performance has not been surpassed by any of the enemy machines. The 6-pounder gun with which it is now equipped has also proved its superiority as an anti-tank weapon

THE CRUSADER TANK'S NEW GUN—the 6-pounder, with which Rommel's equipment was penetrated from a distance of a mile

the Eighth Army was not only gained over the

E. Byatt

it, way through these grim hills. Despite all their troubles, however, the British columns were finally able to leave Giovanni Berta on time: and soon they were again in pursuit of Rommel's fleeing army at top speed

tactical success. But often the "ammo" men had to run the gauntlet of the enemy tanks, anti-tank and machine-guns to get the dangerous shells through.

Ammunition for the heavy machine-guns is stored in well-greased belts, mainly at the centre of the tank, and dotted about in convenient cubby-holes is ammunition for smaller weapons, such as tommy-guns or rifles. Perhaps the tank may carry a mortar, in which case there must be a place for the bombs, or the smoke-shells fired by such an instrument. Ordinary smoke-candles are carried in any case, within easy reach of the gunner. Then a number of grenades are stored, perhaps just under the side doors. More than one kind of shell for the cannon is probably brought along, some of the anti-personnel variety, as well as the orthodox armour-piercing type.

Mention has been made of grease. It is the gunners' duty to see that the ammunition is not only properly stored, but also kept in good order. Temperature, humidity and sand or dust are all factors of importance to these harassed men. In the event of fire they must primarily prevent the flames reaching their precious and dangerous charges, no less then the petrol tanks. Above all, they must husband their lethal store, just as the fighter-pilot exercises economy in the use of his ammunition.

AN ENEMY 75-MM. GUN, MOUNTED ON A TANK CHASSIS, captured in the desert. It was camouflaged from air observation, and carried a number of spare parts lashed to its sides (where, incidentally, they could act as additional protection). Gun and tank were abandoned when Rommel decided to flee to the westward

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF JERUSALEM

From 1917—1942 as the Capital of the New State of Palestine

By NORMAN BENTWICH

ON December 7, 1917, the keys of the City of Jerusalem were handed over by the Arab Mayor to General Sir John Shea, commanding the 60th Division. Two days later General Allenby, the Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, walked with his staff and representatives of the Allied Powers through the Jaffa Gate; and on the steps of the Citadel, which is called the Tower of David, he read a proclamation to an expectant crowd. The Turkish Army had been routed by him a month before at Gaza and Beersheba, and driven in headlong pursuit up the Plain of Sharon and the Judæan Hills. But no act of war took place within or against the Holy City. British forces nearly surrounded it, but the Turkish garrison made its way out by the road to Jericho.

The proclamation was addressed to the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Blessed; and declared the city to be under martial law, so long as military conditions made it necessary. Then it continued: "It is my desire that every person shall pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption. Furthermore, since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of devout people of those religions for many centuries, I make known to you that every sacred building, shrine, place of worship, will be maintained and protected according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faith they are sacred."

It marked the international character of the religious capital that the proclamation was published in seven tongues: English, Arabic, Hebrew (these are the three official languages of Palestine to-day), French, Russian, Italian and Greek. Jerusalem had been under Turkish rule for over 400 years; it had not been under a Christian Power since the days of the Crusaders.

When Allenby entered the populace was in a sad state. The Turks had carried off the slender supplies that remained, the shops were empty, most businesses were closed, disease ravaged the undernourished people and the leading citizens of all communities had been sent into exile. The military governor, Sir Ronald Storrs, had to arrange at once to feed a part of the inhabitants, and, as in the Bible times, sent down to Egypt for corn. Later, British and American missions came to the help with medical and other relief. A health service was initiated, British officers took charge of the administration and the Army made metalled roads in place of the old dirt tracks, though for a time the highway was to be used only for military traffic, and civilians, camels and donkeys had to use the paths.

The civil population then numbered about 60,000, of whom nearly half were Jews—from many lands. To-day it has grown to 135,000, of whom two-thirds are Jews, 25,000 Christians, partly Arab, partly European, and 23,000 Muslims. Yet Arabs throng the street: for they come to market in the bazaars from the surrounding Arab villages. Till 1920 the city was under military administration; then a civil Government was set up, though the British mandate for Palestine was not confirmed for another two years.

In the twenty-five years the city has spread far and wide over the bare limestone hills; and to-day there are two Jerusalems: the Old City, entirely surrounded by its circuit of walls, pierced by gates, built, as the Psalm says, "all compact together," with crooked streets of steep steps, along which you can go only on foot and donkey; and the New City of many suburbs built around wide, arterial roads, with tree-lined streets, with modern shops and banks and insurance offices, with cinemas and cafés—but no public houses—with vast educational and philanthropic buildings, blocks of flats and small villas in gardens, and with the modern conveyance of motor-car and motor-bus. The Old City is Asiatic: the New City is Jewish and European.

Before we came, the city depended on cisterns and wells and a few springs used since Bible times. If there was a poor rainfall the people went short, and meagre supplies were brought from afar. The Army first laid a pipe-supply from a source from which Pontius Pilate had carried water by aqueduct. But when the city rapidly grew that supply was not enough, and the Government in the end installed a modern system by which the water is pumped from a river source near Jaffa, 40 miles away and 3,000 ft. below Jerusalem. Private telephones, unknown in the Turkish days, have become common. The Turks had given a concession for a tramway through part of the ancient city. Happily, nothing had been done, and to-day the main transport is by buses which are run at very cheap fares by Jewish co-operatives and by Arabs.

Jerusalem is not a commercial or industrial town; it is rather a metropolis of history and of things of the spirit. During the twenty-five years a remarkable number of important charitable, educational and religious buildings have been added to it. Nowhere else are there so many institutions to the square mile. For every nation and religion in the world wants to have a foothold in Jerusalem. So you find here Orthodox Greek, Latin, Armenian and Jacobite Patriarchates, Russian, Coptic and Abyssinian monasteries, French, Italian, German and American hospitals, Austrian, Polish, Swedish and Chilean hostels and Jewish institutions innumerable.

Jerusalem has been, too, the seat of the Government of Palestine. The departments are scattered over the city in hotels and hospices, because a central office for the administration is still to be built. Five High Commissioners have governed: Lord Samuel, Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, Sir John Chancellor, General Sir Arthur Wauchope and the present holder, Sir Harold McMichael. It has never been an easy or quiet post, for the passions of Arabs and Jews run high, and every now and then the Arabs have broken into a riot: in 1920 and 1921, 1928 and 1929, and, most seriously, in 1936. A revolt started then which went on till the outbreak of war, and for a time the city was in a state of siege and a curfew was imposed. The war has brought peace again to Jerusalem, and to-day all its peoples co-operate in the war effort.

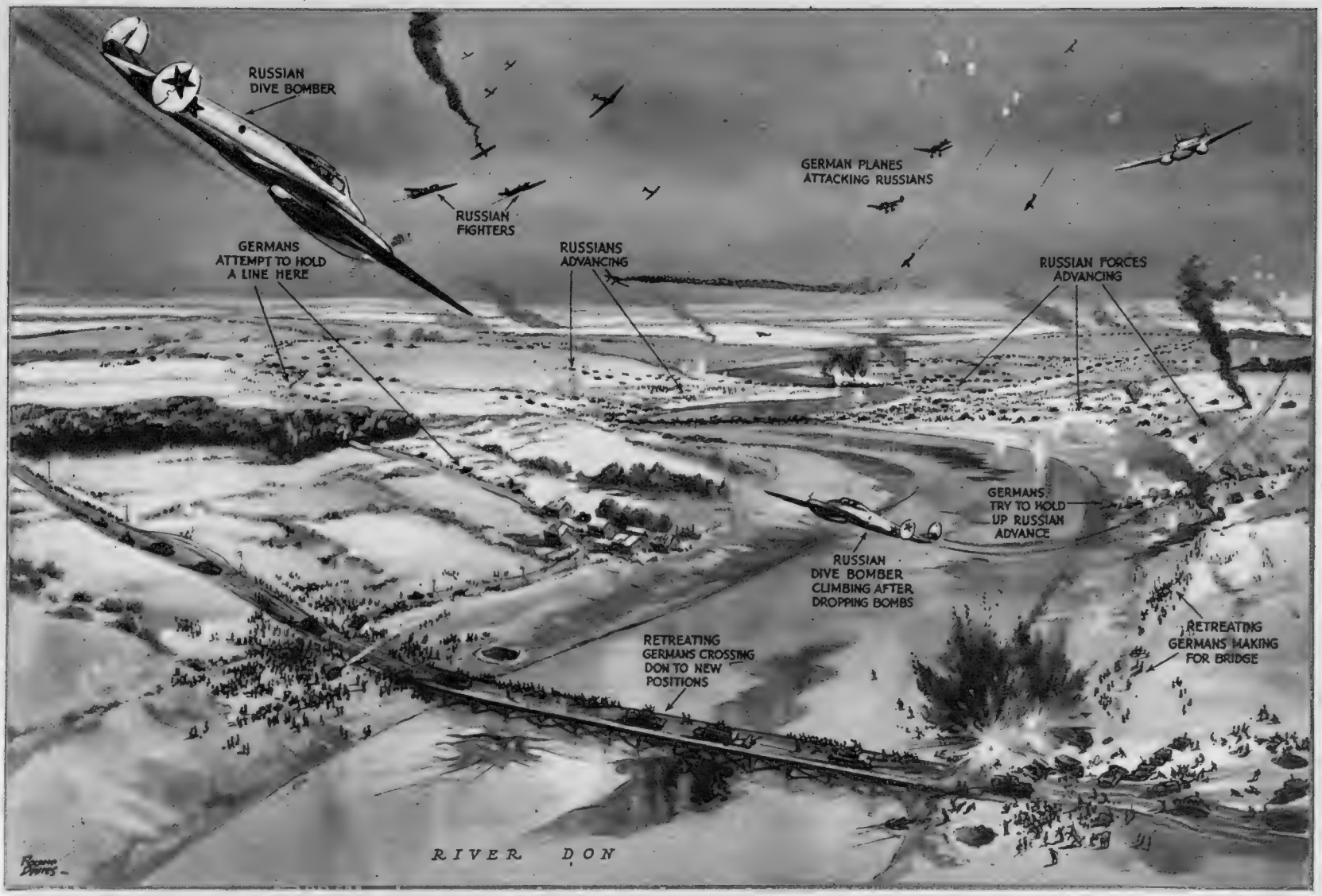
Yet, in spite of political troubles, Jerusalem has shown amazing progress in every form of cultural life and has become a lively centre of science, literature and art. The most striking of its new institutions is the Hebrew University, which rises high above the city on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, and stretches half a mile along the ridge. It started in 1925 in a very small way with two institutes of research. It is now equal in size to some of our provincial universities, with nearly 150 members of its academic staff and, till this year, 1,200 students. Most of its scientists are engaged in research for the war effort, and nearly half its last-year students are enrolled in, or registered for, the British forces.

Another striking foundation which will attract students and visitors from all parts of the world is the Rockefeller Museum of Antiquities, which is to portray the history of Palestine through 5,000 years. The fund was given by John Rockefeller, the building was designed by an English architect and it was built by English, Arab and Jewish workers. Its collections come from archæological expeditions of a dozen countries and are increasing every year. One other building which illustrates the universal attraction of Jerusalem is the pile of the Y.M.C.A., for which another American gave a munificent endowment. It is designed to be an international centre of education and study, as well as a place of recreation for all sections of the inhabitants, and it is splendidly equipped both for work and play. Opposite it is a vast hotel named the King David, which is like other luxury hotels of the East and provides to-day for tourists and visitors.

During the twenty-five years of British rule Jerusalem has been fitting itself to be once again a world city, not only the seat of the Palestine Administration and of the Jewish Agency which directs the upbuilding of the Jewish National Home, but the visible centre of the three world religions which derive their inspiration from the Holy Land, and a citadel of the mind and spirit, of science and literature.

PALESTINE TO-DAY HAS ITS A.T.S.—and this is a growing force: so much so that it also has its own Military Police force, trained in all military matters and military law. Note the sign in three languages—English, Hebrew and Arabic

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM TO-DAY: In 1917 its population numbered 60,000; to-day there are 135,000 inhabitants. In the twenty-five years of its existence as the capital of the modern state of Palestine it "has spread far and wide over the bare limestone hills; and to-day there are two Jerusalems—the Old City . . . and the New City of many suburbs built around wide, arterial roads. . . ."

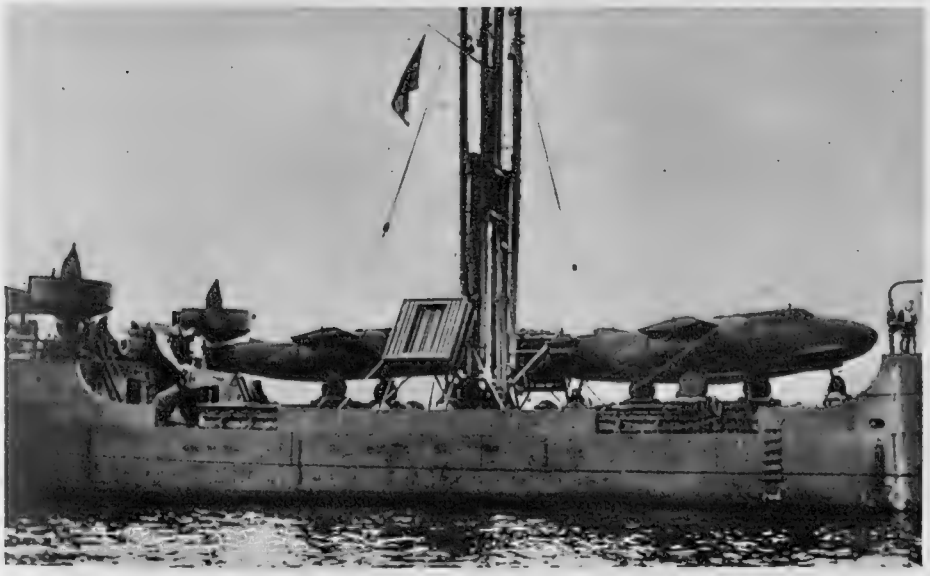


THE GERMAN ARMY IS FORCED BACK ACROSS THE DON IN FRONT OF STALINGRAD: With an improvement in the weather, the still powerful Soviet Air Force attacks the retreating enemy with dive-bombers and fighters during the crossing of the frozen river—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE SOVIET AIR FORCE Comes Back Strongly into the Fighting in the Don Area in Russia

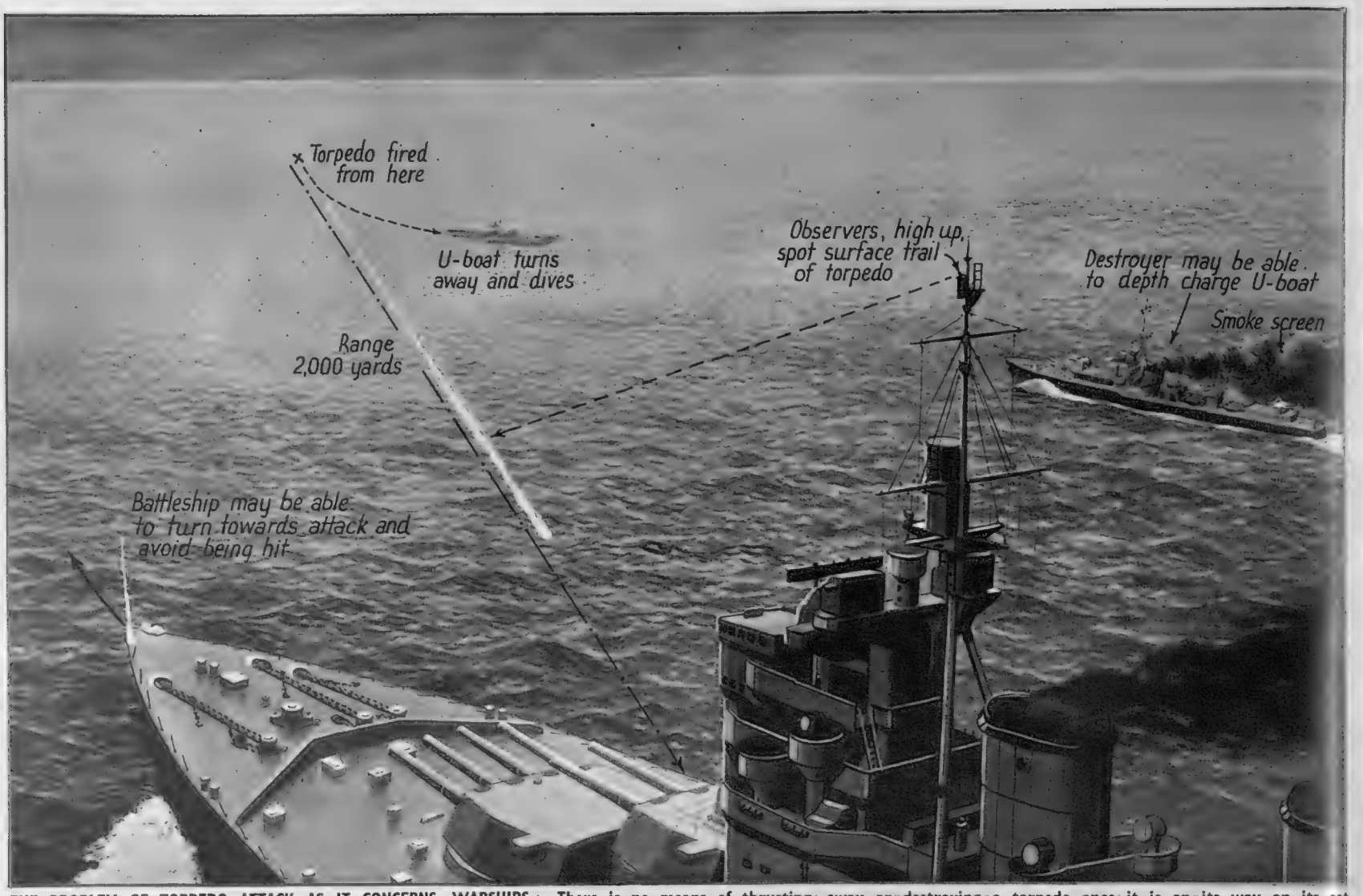
During the recent successes of the Russians in the Don "elbow," an improvement in the weather conditions brought intense activity by the Soviet Air Force, and especially by Stormovik dive-bombers, which carried out hundreds of sorties at a moment when the Germans were attempting to get out of the Russian "sack." The Nazis had sent a considerable number of aircraft from Stalingrad to North Africa: the Russian offensive caused them to rush back to the front every available fighter. Meanwhile, however, the Stormovik dive-bombers were roaring through the first clear skies over the front for some time—in the manner shown in Mr. Davies's drawing above. Ice has already formed on the Don River, but so far it has been thin and has not aided the frantic Germans in their attempts to escape encirclement. With regard to the Soviet Air Force, it is not so long ago that the Germans were claiming to have "wiped it out": during the present (and recent) operations it has proved very much alive—especially now that supplies from Britain and the United States are making their presence felt

MORE FIGHTERS FOR THE RED AIR FORCE LEAVE A SOVIET FACTORY: These aircraft are the new Yaks (or I-26), which are here seen ready for transference to the front after completion at the "X" aircraft factory. They share with the Migs the honours of combat against the *Luftwaffe*. The Yaks, like the Migs, are low-wing, cantilever monoplanes (like our own Spitfires), with retractable undercarriages and 12-cylinder engines



U.S. AIRCRAFT EN ROUTE TO REINFORCE RUSSIA: This is the scene on the deck of an American ship at a convoy base in Britain. It is laden with American-built bomber aircraft destined for service with the Red Air Force. The vessel is awaiting the make-up of a convoy for Murmansk, ice-free port of entry for the Soviet in North Russia, and is under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Naval Liaison Officer during its period of enforced waiting at the British base

RUSSIAN BOMBERS SUPPORT THE RED ARMY: DB-3F medium heavy bombers crossing the front line to pound enemy positions in co-operation with the infantry. These aircraft, made in a Russian State Factory, are a development of an aeroplane which was based on the American Douglas D.C.2



THE PROBLEM OF TORPEDO ATTACK AS IT CONCERNS WARSHIPS: There is no means of thrusting away or destroying a torpedo once it is on its way on its set course. But, if the wash is spotted in time and steering orders are given immediately, evasive action may be successfully taken. When the attack comes from before the beam (that is, on either bow) the ship "turns towards" the attack. If attacked from abaft the beam the ship "turns away." Both actions tend to bring the ship parallel with the course of the torpedo—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The U-BOAT MENACE STILL GROWS

Germany's Plans for More Submarines—and Allied Plans to Check Their Depredations

Described by DOUGLAS GLEN

NOVEMBER brought a succession of cheering news of Axis defeats—Rommel's heavy reverses, the landings in Algeria and Morocco, and the co-operation of the French at Dakar, the auspicious start of a mighty Russian offensive.

But November also brought some timely reminders of a continuous danger in the midst of the natural exultation at these heartening events. "In spite of all our efforts," declared General Smuts, "the U-boat campaign is on the increase." In his broadcast on November 29, Mr. Churchill said: "Remember the U-boat warfare is not diminishing, but growing, and may grow worse." And, at the beginning of the month, the German High Command claimed that in six days their submarines had sunk over 250,000 tons of Allied shipping. Not only were U-boat packs operating in the vicinity of the Canary Islands, off Cape Verde Islands, and along the south-west coast of Africa, but they were even reported to be active east of Cape Agulhas, almost on the confines of the Indian Ocean.

In addition to her own extensive and highly efficient shipbuilding yards, Germany can call upon the yards and engineering plants of all Europe to accelerate output and to build bigger and less vulnerable U-boats, equipping them with more and more powerful guns and torpedoes. The result of this feverish activity in the shipyards and the training schools is that Germany is building U-boats faster than we are sinking them, and, as yet, no shortage of personnel to man them is apparent.

The problem is graver than in 1917 for many reasons. The range of the modern submarine is far greater now. It can remain submerged for a much longer time; its armour affords it more protection, its guns are heavier and more accurate, its torpedoes more devastating, and it is equipped with the most accurate instruments that modern science can devise. It has the advantage of being able to operate from convenient bases not only on the Atlantic coast of Europe, but in the Mediterranean, from Toulon to the Dodecanese, from Crete, Sicily and Sardinia.

That the situation is still extremely critical cannot be denied, but there are, nevertheless, good grounds for increasing confidence in our ability to overcome the menace as we did twenty-five years ago. No single weapon or plan will achieve this end; it can be accomplished only by a combination of a variety of counter-measures, some designed for protection, some for destruction.

More destroyers and escort vessels must be provided, and more fighter aircraft as cover for the convoys. Merchant ships must be built with greater speed to evade the submarines; there must be more patrol planes and bombers to hunt out and destroy the enemy, better radio communication, and the maximum of effort in the construction of new tonnage here, in the U.S.A. and in Canada. The bombing of U-boat bases and yards, such as at St. Nazaire and La Pallice, must continue, and grow in severity.

It cannot be said that any of the foregoing expedients will be more productive than any other. In the last war, the use of aeroplanes against U-boats was very limited. Now planes are employed in very large numbers on reconnaissance, patrol and the work of destruction by bombs. Long-range bombers, which have been superseded by improved types, have been used with marked success in the hunt. And the depth-charge, thrown from ships, and bombs dropped from flying-boats remain the most effective weapons yet devised. In providing

HOW THE TORPEDO STARTS ON ITS JOURNEY: An amazing picture which shows the deadly missile touching the water after its discharge from an above-water tube—in this case, from a destroyer's deck

air protection for the recent great North African convoy, expert squadrons of Liberators and Halifaxes joined the Hudsons, Sunderlands and Beaufighters, and U-boats were definitely accounted for.

These bombers are free of some of the limitations of surface-craft, in that they can search rapidly over a vast area of the sea, and, especially in smooth water, they can spot the underwater shadow of a submarine more readily than a vessel on the surface. They do not need to fly at any great altitude, and are deadly when they drop their bombs for the kill.

Surface vessels, though less speedy, have the immense advantages of superior gun-power and greater volume of depth-charges. These charges are ejected from throwers which make it possible to cover a considerable area of the surrounding sea, thus providing a screen of destruction in the neighbourhood of the submarine. They are placed in a hod-like box working on a swivel, so that the charge can be directed to any selected spot.

Wherever sea power can be combined with air strength, the U-boat is doomed. The Allies now control the ports and air-fields of Libya, Cyrenaica, Algeria and Morocco, and Casablanca and Dakar provide them with magnificent sea and air bases.

Their fighter escorts can operate from numerous landing-grounds on the northern and western coasts of Africa, and the harbours are open to the naval escorts for supply and refuelling. What is just as important is that all these facilities are now denied to the enemy. The time is near when the Mediterranean will be reopened to Allied shipping, and the supply route to the Middle East thereby shortened to less than one-third of the 11,000-mile Cape of Good Hope route.

The alliance between Dakar and Freetown alters completely the position in the Atlantic, where so many Allied ships have been sunk.

STEPS TO CHECKMATE THE SUBMARINES OFF THE AMERICAN COAST: Three Norwegian whale-killers at a U.S. East Coast port where they are being converted into anti-submarine patrol boats. These handy little vessels will be manned by Norwegian crews, with a U.S. Coast Guard officer and a gun crew on each ship. Their mission will then be to seek out the U-boats which infest the American shipping lanes

AN INCIDENT DURING THE SUBMARINE WAR—The merchantmen gunners who made a U-boat crash-dive—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

With his gun damaged and the ship torpedoed and sinking beneath him, a sergeant of the Marines, a pensioner serving as gunlayer in a British merchant ship, fought a U-boat and forced it to crash-dive before he abandoned ship during a recent action at sea. "The submarine surfaced about 2,000 yards away," said the gunner after his rescue. "The explosion of the torpedo against the merchantman's side had shifted the gun on its mounting, and we had to shove it round by hand before we could aim. We got off five rounds when the U-boat suddenly dived. Our shells must have been too near for his liking!" After the crew had taken to the boats, the U-boat surfaced again, and her Commander asked if anyone had been injured: when told "no" he made off. The gunner responsible for this feat was torpedoed earlier in the war when serving as gunlayer in another merchant ship

The NAVY in ACTION in the INDIAN OCEAN and AROUND BRITAIN

THE MOSQUITO CRAFT OF THE ROYAL NAVY: A fine study of one of our newest motor torpedo-boats during torpedo practice. The crew are here recovering a practice torpedo after firing: the smoke issuing from the head is caused by the flare placed therein to facilitate its recovery from the water

Week in, week out, stories are revealed of the brilliant actions (mostly fought at night) in which the men of Britain's light coastal craft—consisting of M.G.B.s and M.T.B.s—engage and batter the enemy's E-boats and convoys right under the noses of the Nazi shore batteries. The English Channel, the scene of many of these fights, is also used by the Royal Navy for the schooling of the men and craft who take part in this dangerous and exciting work. In the above picture, note the complete equipment of the M.T.B., and its exquisitely-built bridge

BEAUFIGHTER AIRCRAFT OF COASTAL COMMAND CARRY OUT AN ATTACK ON AN ENEMY CONVOY: A picture taken during the actual attack. This Convoy was caught centre was singled out for the attack, and the Beaufighters went in at low level. The vessel was hit by a torpedo amidships, despite the efforts of the escort the British aircraft are seen skimming low over the sea above the Convoy whilst the attack was being

A NEW PORTRAIT OF A FINE BRITISH CRUISER WHICH HAS GIVEN HER NAME TO A CLASS OF SIX SIMILAR VESSELS: H.M.S. "Kent," 10,000-ton cruiser, which was reconstructed and modernised in 1935-1938

This vessel was laid down at Chatham in November 1924 and completed in June 1928. She is an 8-in. gun cruiser and carries a complement of 679. Built under the 1924-25 Estimates, these ships appear—on paper—to be inferior to foreign Treaty cruisers: in practice, however, they are superior in seagoing qualities and have accommodation and habitability which is not equalled by any other cruisers. In addition, a considerable amount of weight has been expended in structural strength and internal protection. All the vessels of the Kent class were reconstructed during the years 1935-38. H.M.S. *Kent*, alone of her class, is without the large aircraft hangar which is so conspicuous a feature of the others. She carries three aircraft aboard

THE EPIC FIGHT OF THE MINESWEEPER "BENGAL" AGAINST TWO HEAVILY-ARMED JAPANESE SURFACE-RAIDERS IN THE INDIAN OCEAN. Assisted by the 6,300-ton Dutch tanker she was escorting, the tiny "Bengal" sank one of the raiders—and the tanker, after having been abandoned, was nevertheless brought back safely into port. In this drawing, the tanker "Ondina" is seen in the right foreground under heavy fire: on the right is the minesweeper "Bengal": on the left is the sinking 10,000-ton Jap raider "Kikokumaru"; and behind is the second big Jap raider concentrating its fire on the "Ondina"—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

An epic naval action in the Indian Ocean in which a minesweeper of the Royal Indian Navy and a Netherlands tanker, both mounting single 4-in. guns, engaged and destroyed one of two heavily-armed Japanese raiders, has just been described.

The minesweeper was the *Bengal*. On November 11 she was escorting the motor-vessel *Ondina*, of 6,341 tons, when the Japanese ships were encountered about 1,000 miles south-west of Java. These were the *Kikokumaru*, of 10,000 tons, and the *Kunikawamaru*, of 6,863 tons, both believed to be armed with six 5·5-in. guns and equipped with torpedo-tubes and two catapult aircraft.

Immediately the raiders were sighted the *Bengal* steamed in to the attack, heading straight for the larger ship in the hope that this action would enable *Ondina* to escape. The master of the tanker, however, refused to leave the *Bengal* to face the two powerful adversaries alone, and both the minesweeper and *Ondina* returned the enemy's fire. A hit on the leading raider started a fierce fire. Many more hits were scored in rapid succession on the enemy's bridge, superstructure and stern. These were followed by an explosion, which destroyed the after-part of the raider. Her guns ceased firing and she went down by the stern and sank.

The surviving raider then concentrated her whole armament on the tanker, which was hit repeatedly, and her master was killed. When all *Ondina's* ammunition had been expended, the crew abandoned ship.

The enemy then closed and machine-gunned the boats, killing the Chief Engineer and three Chinese members of the crew, after which she twice torpedoed the abandoned ship. After searching for survivors from her sunken consort, the Japanese raider made off. Thereupon *Ondina's* Second Officer, Third Engineer and the Gunlayer returned on board the tanker with three others of the crew. Both vessels later reached port successfully.

by [illegible] R.A.F. bombers off the Dutch coast: a large ship in the vess[illegible]s to repel the assault. In this picture three out of carr[illegible]d out

WHEN THE AIR-SEA RESCUE LAUNCH TRAVELS AT TOP SPEED: The tremendous wake left by one of these very fast vessels when on its way to effect a rescue

All round the shores of Britain these powerful vessels are daily engaged on the work of rescue: air crews who come down in the North Sea or in the Channel, when located, are soon hauled out and brought back to safety by these high-speed launches. In the picture on the right, note the two power-operated turrets to fore and aft—just in case enemy bombers should attempt to interfere with the rescue work! The net hanging over the vessel's side is placed there to facilitate the work of rescue

AN AIR-SEA RESCUE IN SCOTLAND: The crew of a British aircraft which came down in the sea being rescued from their dinghy by one of the high-speed rescue launches operated by the R.A.F.

AWAY FROM THESE WARS. . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

THE man in possession — some thoughts on Baconia.—God forbid that (now or at any time) I should seriously enter the lists for or against the Baconians in the great Shakespeare controversy which has raged in varying degrees of intensity all my life, and in the years between wars especially. But during the present war I have read an infinity of books pro and con, I have made some little experiments and thought a good deal about the conflict of opinion which raises so much bitterness, so much certainty and so much good writing and arguing. People who dismiss the Baconians as cranks are very superficial. The leading protagonists who head the attack on Shakespeare of Stratford, actor and author of plays, sonnets, etc., are extremely convincing, clear and forceful in argument and often admirable in style and restraint. Yet in the end I comfort myself (as a Stratfordian last-ditcher) with the thought that this Shakespeare controversy is a closer parallel to the Tichborne case in the number of sane men and women who have been persuaded against reason than in the other vital issue common to both cases.

It is an article of British Law that in a case of ejectment the man in possession is in a stronger position than the man who claims possession and seeks to oust him.

It is up to the ejector to prove his case for possession. The man in possession is concerned rather to disprove the ejector's case, not to establish his own right to possession.

In these two *causes célèbres*, Shakespeare and Orton were both in a sense the men in possession, but whereas Shakespeare still remains in possession, Orton was early in his struggle somewhat shaken in his stronghold. The returned and widely-acknowledged "Baronet" was soon known generally as "the Claimant," and most of his struggle for recognition was conducted from outside the fort. Nowadays we most of us admit that he never had a leg to stand on, and we marvel at the gullibility of our grandfathers.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION, the world's largest motoring organisation—Mr. E. H. Fryer, who has just succeeded the late Sir Stenson Cooke. Mr. Fryer has been Deputy Secretary of the A.A. for many years. He is a Derbyshire man, sixty-three years of age, and was originally an architect and surveyor in his native Derby. In the early days of motoring he was the Hon. Secretary of the Derby and District Automobile Club; he has owned and driven motor-cars and motor-cycles for over forty years—and is still driving. Thirty years ago he joined the staff of the Automobile Association as its Midland manager, became Road Manager, and then Deputy Secretary twenty years ago. During the last war he served in the Royal Engineers. He has written numerous pamphlets on traffic questions, road design, the country-side, etc. Mr. Fryer has three sons, all of whom hold commissioned rank in this war, and one daughter

"The Court awards it."—In the great Shakespeare controversy, an amateur lawyer who supports Shakespeare of Stratford comforts himself with the reflection that the Law is not always a h'ass. He admits that the proofs of "all reason," and the proofs acceptable to the Law are not always indistinguishable, but he finds that miserably few as are the legal proofs ascertainable about Shakespeare, they are sufficient to leave him hitherto in undisturbed possession against claimants so far put forward.

Shakespeare of Stratford is the man in possession. The William Shakespeare, baptised on April 26, 1564, is identifiable with the W. S. who married Anne Hathaway, and as the father of three named children by that union. Parish registers and his will establish those identifications. The William Shakespeare who signed the will

THE SALVAGE OF WASTE PAPER IS AN IMPORTANT WARTIME EFFORT!

establishing his fatherhood of those children (or two of them surviving) established also his identity with the W. S. whom Green's libel proved to have been an established London playwright in the 1590's, whom the publication of *Venus and Adonis* in 1593 proved to be a poet having Southampton as his patron, whom endless lists of Court players proved to have been constantly on the roll of London players until the seventeenth century was well begun, whom Southampton acknowledged in a personal letter, whom James I acknowledged likewise, whom the poet Spenser in his *Tears of the Muses* accorded contemporary praise, whom Jonson lauded to the skies in an epitaph.

The evidence of the will in identifying the Stratford W. S. with this London favourite is irresistibly strong to the amateur lawyer, for therein are named, as recipients of small legacies for mourning rings, two fellow-actors who supplied the MSS. which formed the basis of the 1st Folio. And, finally, there is the evidence of the tombstone with its Latin distich which makes up in eulogy for the loss of reputation which the crude rhymes of the mason (and the absence of any evidence in the will that it was the testament of a great poet and writer) may inflict. Of *tradition* the Law takes less note, but the Law by no means rejects tradition (e.g., in such cases as rights of way local tradition always receives its desserts of consideration), and no Court of Law would reject off-hand the local harvest from Stratford men alive in Shakespeare's lifetime which the itinerant recorders of the time gathered and set down.

The weakness of cryptograms.—The leading Baconians, as I say, are alarmingly convincing. They see the weakness of cryptograms and the best of them do not rely on those clever, convincing hidden messages.

Amateur experiment reveals that a stanza from which can be wrung a cryptogram acknowledging the authorship of Bacon can produce with patience another "voice" ascribing authorship to Shakespeare or whom-you-will—if you make your cryptogram rules *after* you have produced the message you want to find.

These leading Baconians probably realise also that Bacon would hardly have countenanced or practised so childish a game.

The game of "parallels" they are not so ready to abandon. It is very convincing to marshal the parallels between acknowledged Baconian phrases and points of style with similar instances in Shakespeare's plays and poems. But then (to comfort oneself) how easy it is to adduce almost exact parallels in thought and style between passages in the plays and in those poems which the man of Stratford "could not possibly have written."

The Baconians have given me many a sleepless night but, as an amateur lawyer, I am henceforth proof against their brilliant attacks, sorties and smoke-screens. The Law is on Shakespeare's side in adequate force—and, anyway, a supreme genius is *capable de tout*, even though he enters the arena of career without the rudiments of primary education.

And one word more. Life to-day is too busy and full, with household cares, war jobs and the daily round, for me to risk a wordy rencounter with such skilled protagonists. That is why I have safeguarded myself from such dangers by pitching my small voice in so low and childish a key. No professional Baconian would stoop to such small game as this. These arguments of mine are nursery fare, mere bread and milk for Olympians.

I bang my spoon on the bowl and take warm comfort from the pap, knowing myself to be safe in the nursery. In this secure haven I play my comfortable, childish game of making reality of make-believe, and with all the faith and exuberance of a Mde. de Chambrun I build up from hints, suggestions, rumour, tradition and one tiny legal tibia the whole bones and beak of this Phœnix of our great days.

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The New London Plays

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

LET'S FACE IT.—To produce in London a burlesque of American soldiers at a time when the town is full of them, and to have that burlesque played for the most part by English players, might seem a bold and even tactless move. However, any criticism on that score is cancelled out by the fact that *Let's Face It*, the new Hippodrome show, is composed and written by Americans and is a big New York success. I think it is likely to have a success here. I did not detect a line of wit in it, and Mr. Cole Porter is not here (and has not been for some time) up to his old form as a writer of lyrics and tunes. But the whole thing is very bright and slick.

Mr. Bobby Howes puts up a remarkably good performance as an American soldier; it is not an amusing part and, besides, Mr. Howes is too "lovable" and whimsical to make me laugh uproariously in any part. But he is a really great little actor. Miss Pat Kirkwood and Miss Pat Leonard sing wise-cracking American songs in hard, "chesty" voices; one longed for the sound of a girlish soprano by way of a change. Miss Zoe Gail has a Ginger Rogersian vivacity and charm. A perfect touch of real comedy came from Miss Joyce Barbour.

"Revudeville" Again.—Chopin is certainly the vogue in London's lighter entertainments, thanks, possibly, to the production of *Waltz Without End.* "I wish I could have met Chopin," said a girl in the latest edition of the above revue at the Windmill Theatre, after the composer's Prelude in C minor had been played. "He must have been a fascinating young man." We then saw a most fascinating young woman posing, quite naked, on a pedestal to the accompaniment of more Chopin.

All the girls in this cheery little bit of intimacy dance well (for which they wear clothes and do not use Chopin's music). Miss Valerie Tandy is good throughout, and particularly so in an episode of Carmenesque nonsense.

Mixed Relations.—Never in the course of about a quarter of a century of professional theatre-going have I seen such tedious nonsense as this farce, recently produced at the Ambassadors Theatre.

The Birds.—Mr. Robert Helpmann is the most versatile figure in the English theatre. A brilliant dancer, a choreographer, a mimic, a revue comedian and a sound Shakespearean actor—hardly more could be possible. The latest ballet of his devising—*The Birds*, at the New Theatre—is a trifle, but a delicious trifle. It has nothing to do with Aristophanes but is concerned with a hen, Respighi's music and Chinese costumes and decor, and it is beautifully danced, notably by the aforementioned hen, in the person of Miss Moyra Fraser.

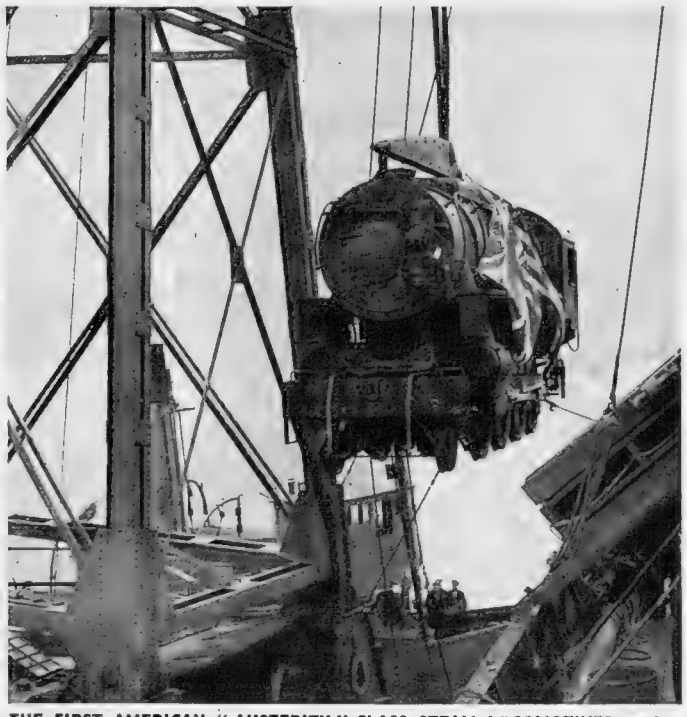
Panama Hattie.—This is the best musical film (at the Regal) I have seen for a long time, largely because of the superb comic singing of Miss Virginia O'Brien. And a couple of brilliant eccentric dancers are the Berry Brothers.

ITEMS OF HOME INTEREST

A GLIMPSE AT THE CHAMBER WHERE DOCTORS ARE "TRIED": This picture shows the scene within the Court where the General Medical Council have recently been in session in London to consider the cases of doctors charged with unprofessional conduct. It is here that a number of medical men were alleged to have given false certificates to conscripts wishing to avoid military service. All the members of the Council are doctors, and the only cases which come before them in this Court are those concerned with the professional conduct of others of their profession

BRITAIN STARTS A NEW INDUSTRY: Girl workers on Cornwall's bamboo farm measuring lengths of newly-prepared canes: A new wartime industry has sprung up in Cornwall. The British Bamboo Cane Company is the only concern of its kind in the country; it has taken up the cultivation of the bamboo in order to meet the present shortage of this material and to save shipping space. Bamboos grow rapidly and luxuriantly in Cornwall, and it is estimated that the new farm (which covers more than ten acres of ground) will produce about 60,000,000 canes per annum

THESE ARE "SEA PUDDINGS": They have to be tough! Their job is not to be eaten, but to be fixed to the bows of rescue ships and lifeboats to act as buffers or fenders. They are made from coir, firmly bound, and some weigh nearly a hundredweight. Mr. Charlie Short, who figures in this picture and who has spent forty years at sea, is an expert in their manufacture



THE FIRST AMERICAN "AUSTERITY"-CLASS STEAM LOCOMOTIVES arrive in Britain: Wartime needs have resulted in an ever-increasing demand for powerful steam locomotives capable of going anywhere. American and British Army transport engineers have worked together to produce a type, simple in design, which will give the maximum service. In designing the locomotive, allowance had to be made for platform and tunnel clearances on every railway in Great Britain, France, Germany, and the rest of Europe. Large numbers are in production here, and now the first batch of a similar design have arrived from the United States

NUNS RECEIVE AND SEND MESSAGES TO PRISONERS OF WAR IN ITALY FROM LONDON: In Cavendish Square in London, there is an organisation known as the Vatican War Enquiry Department of the Apostolic Delegation: this body is able to receive and send messages to our prisoners of war in Italy, in reply to communications from our men there. The work here is handled by the nuns, in charge of whom is the Mother Superior of the Convent (seen above)

THE SON OF THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBOURG who is joining the Irish Guards as a private: Prince Jean, the second son of the ruler of Luxembourg, is shortly joining the British Army as a private soldier. He is now in London awaiting his call-up: meanwhile he is working in the offices of the Luxembourg Government in London

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE THRILLS OF CAMPAIGNS AND "BLITZES"

An American's Tribute to the British Army; Women in the Raids; Transatlantic Babies; Secret Agents in North Africa

THE opening sentence of Mr. Allan Michie's RETREAT TO VICTORY (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) sets the pace of the whole book and is an indication of its electric quality.

"The British Army is the best retreating army in the world, and I don't say that as a joke. Almost any army can be good when the odds are in its favour and it is forging ahead, but it takes the kind of plain guts the British have to withdraw as well as they did from the death-traps at Dunkirk, Greece and Crete.

"Their spirit was magnificent," he adds, and he means it.

But the real message of the book is stated clearly at beginning and end, and Mr. Michie's accounts of the campaigns which he has actually witnessed are presented as illustrations to the belief that "until we have the planes and the tanks, and last of all the trained man-power to achieve superiority in whatever theatre we choose, we must continue to retreat until we are ready for victory."

Mr. Michie, who is a young American newspaper correspondent, has travelled 100,000 miles since the beginning of the war, and visited more than twenty-five countries. In London he was in roughly 600 air raids, and he has covered the fighting in Libya, Syria, Iran, Iraq, Burma, Singapore and Manila. He was also one of the few newspapermen who were allowed to see the bomb damage at Pearl Harbour.

So much for the statistics of his experience. As a writer, Mr. Michie is alert, forceful, candid and controversial. He pulls no punches and he tells some very good stories, of which this 1941 example is typical:

"Two Englishmen were riding in a compartment of a London-bound train. One of them was engrossed in his newspaper. After a few minutes he turned to his fellow-traveller and remarked: 'I say, we're doing rather well in this war, aren't we?' 'I say, old man,' said the other, 'you speak very good English for a Russian.'"

His little biographies of Auchinleck, de Gaulle, King Farouk, Inonu and other luminaries are, at a modest estimate, informative. And his treatment is as important as the material he has collected. He is a young man with something to say; he is convinced that what he has to record is as important to Britain's war effort as to his own country's, and with this book he has chosen a concise and dramatic form of expression

ARMY WITHOUT BANNERS (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is an account of the work of every branch of the women's Civil Defence Services during the worst of the London "blitzes." It is presented as fiction and is, I would guess, about 98 per cent. fact. In other words, it is a stirring and not unimportant book which does a good deal more than bring us a vivid reminder of those days.

It certainly recalls the heroism that was shown then, and recalls it in words that are more moving for being unstressed and almost casual. But it has a greater value than that, since it states and clarifies the functions of all the organisations in which women are concerned which make up the strength of Civil Defence in this country.

It should be required reading for anyone who is in the least hazy about these things, since it is the pleasantest form of primer, and written by someone who has, quite obviously, the most strenuous kind of first-hand experience in her subject.

I would like to suggest that it were read in conjunction with FRONT LINE (2s.), the superb new handbook compiled by the Ministry of Home Security, which tells the story of Britain in the "blitzes," from 1940 to 1941.

Miss Mazo de la Roche's allegory, or essay, in Anglo-American relations has the practised charm of the story-teller but little conviction. THE TWO SAPLINGS (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) tells the story of two babies, born in a London nursing home, one to an American and one to an English mother. At two days old they are exchanged accidentally, and each child grows up in the home of the other.

Thirteen years later a chance meeting on a Channel steamer convinces the American woman of the mistake, and she persuades the Englishwoman to let the little boys change places again, for six months or a year, without telling them their extraordinary history.

The experiment is made, and proves, to the writer's satisfaction, that environment is stronger than heredity, since each child yearns for the home in which he grew up, and that close friendship between English and American people is a difficult but an infinitely desirable thing.

It 's all a little too simple and neat to be true, but pleasant reading, and the scenes in Boston and in the Cotswolds are excellently done.

It is fun to read THE HOUSE OF SHADE (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) just now, for the places which crop up in Major Home's story are very much in the news. Those who enjoyed *The Place of Little Birds* will welcome this continuation of the adventures of Brice in Tripolitania and in the desert. The tie between himself and young Pulford is now established, and, when they meet again by moonlight beside the garden wall of the house of shade, we realise that there is plenty of excitement, and perhaps a little romance, ahead.

There are Fighting Frenchmen to be rescued, as well as ladies in distress, and nastily-efficient German officers to compete with. But however good the secret agent is, and however realistic and exciting his adventures, the finally convincing touch must come from the author's local knowledge. Major Home not only knows his North Africa intimately, but is able to embellish his story with descriptive powers above the ordinary.

RAIDS BY THE R.A.F.

Readers of this journal will have noticed, in recent issues, maps and diagrams in illustration of outstanding achievements by the R.A.F. in reaching distant bombing objectives. Such maps, we learn, have aroused speculation as to the bombers' points of departure from Great Britain and the exact route followed in reaching—let us say—countries such as Italy. It is necessary, therefore, to point out that *all* bombing routes are secret: consequently, our maps should not be taken to indicate the *exact* departure point or route. They are intended only to show the "block-to-block" distance—that is to say, the mileage represented by a direct flight. Strategic considerations, duly budgeted for by the R.A.F. High Command, might often make the distance actually flown even greater than that represented on the map.—EDITOR.

The BIRTHPLACE of SIR ISAAC NEWTON

To be Acquired by the Royal Society to Mark the Tercentenary of the Great Scientist's Birth

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT WOOLSTHORPE, south of Grantham, where Newton was born in the year 1642

NEWTON'S "LITTLE CHAPEL" in the village of Woolsthorpe is, to-day, used as a dwelling-house by one of the villagers

THE STATUE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON which stands in Grantham Market Place

COLSTERWORTH CHURCH, on the Great North Road, where Newton relics are preserved

When the Tercentenary of the birth of Sir Isaac Newton was celebrated by the Fellows of the Royal Society, in the Royal Institution, on November 30 last, Sir Henry Dale, President of the Society, announced the successful conclusion of negotiations to acquire and preserve the birthplace of this great man of science. The Pilgrim Trust will be responsible for the sum required for the purchase, which the Lord of the Manor of Woolsthorpe has agreed at a price substantially less than its value. In this modest manor farm, six miles from Grantham, with a small orchard in front of it, the Newton family lived in the seventeenth century, and it was here that Newton returned from his schooling at Grantham at the age of sixteen to take charge of the farm for his mother. In the little orchard there is a recumbent apple-tree which is descended by direct grafting from the one which was made famous by the great scientist. The land which the Newton family farmed was being rapidly laid waste by quarrying, and soon there would have been little left unspoiled save the orchard and the garden round the house.

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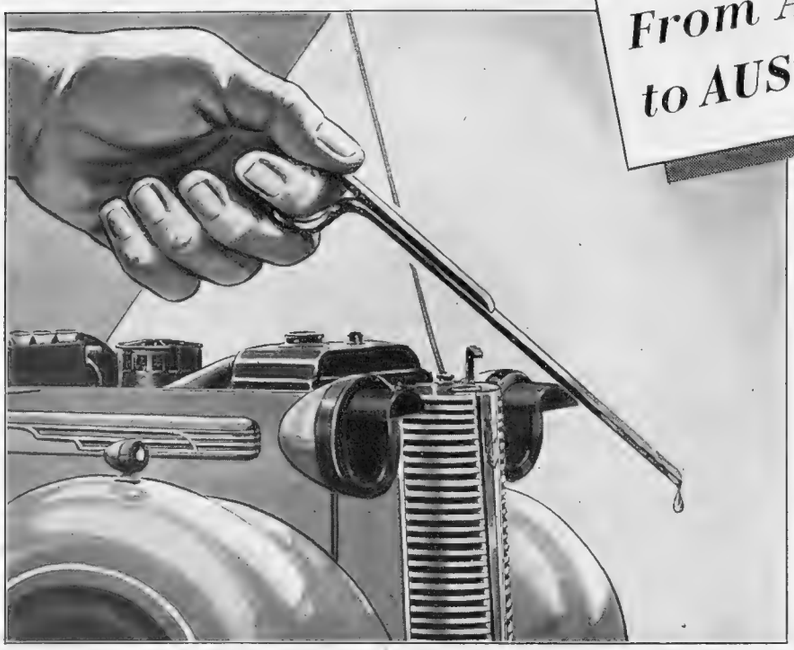

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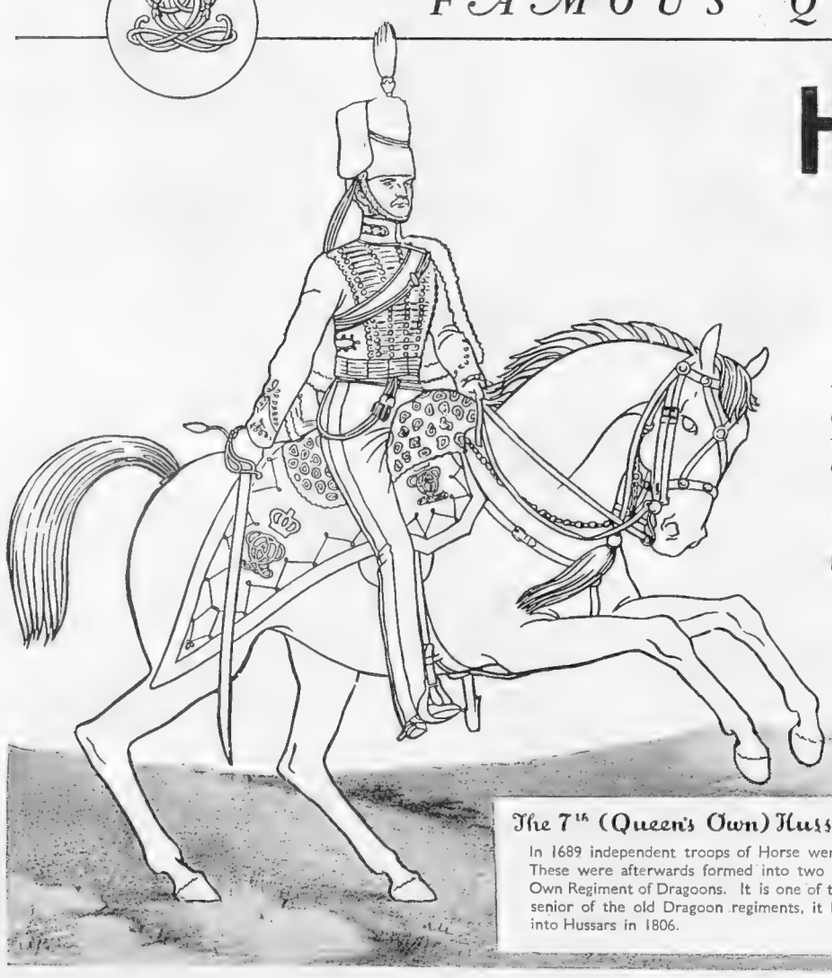

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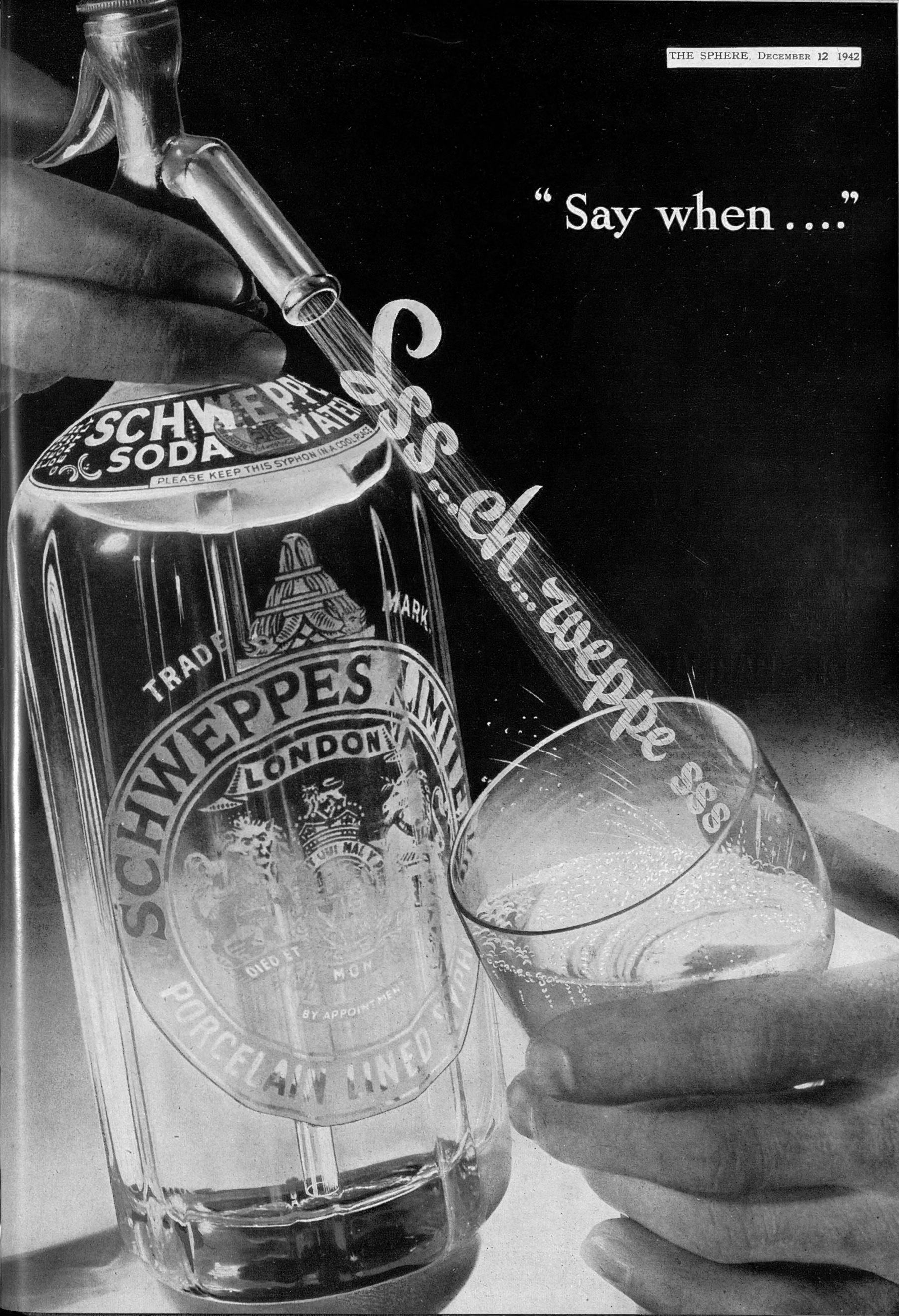
In 1689 independent troops of Horse were raised in Scotland and fought at Killiecrankie. These were afterwards formed into two regiments and subsequently united as the Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons. It is one of the few Cavalry regiments of Scottish origin. The senior of the old Dragoon regiments, it became Light Dragoons in 1784 and was converted into Hussars in 1806.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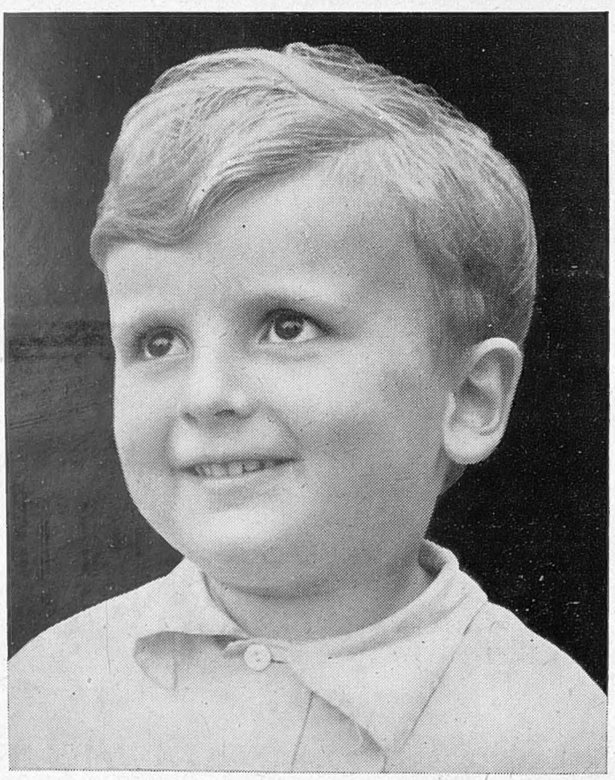

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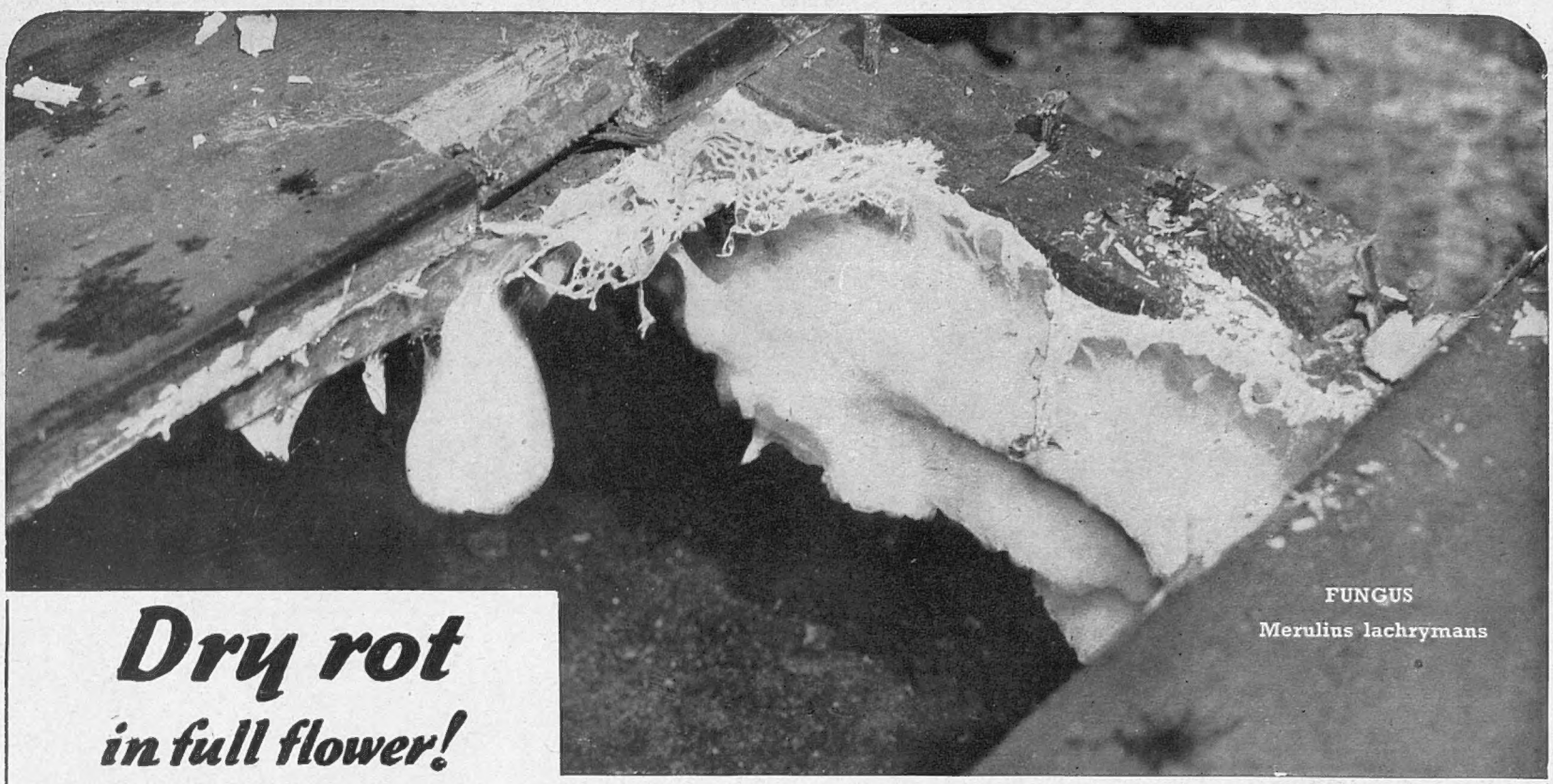

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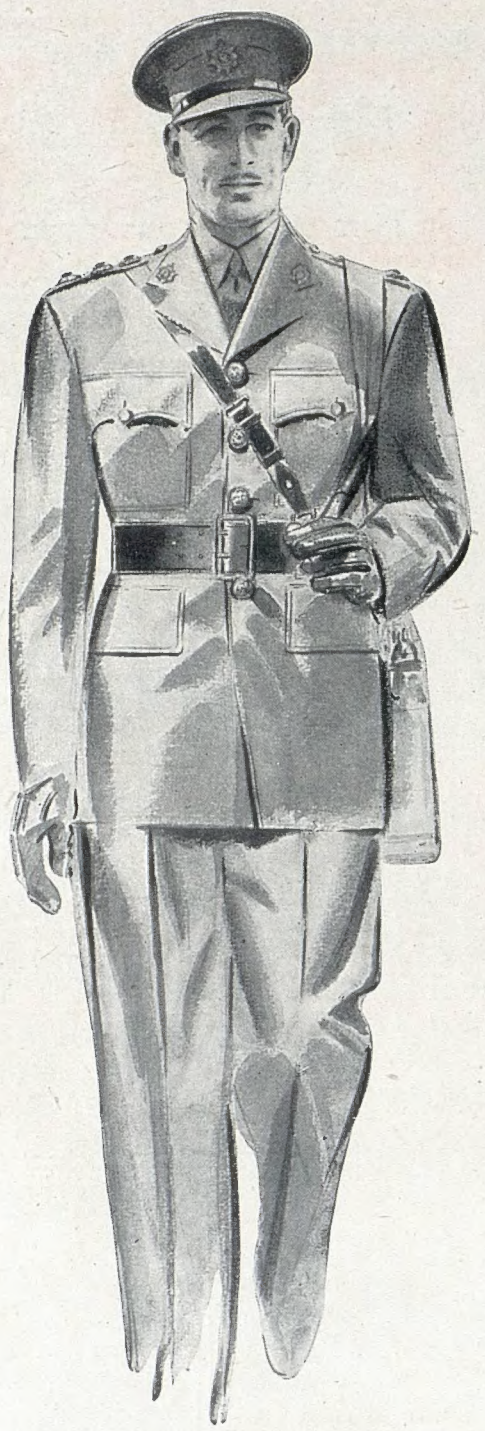

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